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GIANT JAKE, the Patrol of the Mountain.

A TALE OF THE CHAMPLAIN HILLS.

BY NEWTON M. CURTIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE TEXAN SPY," ETC., ETC.



"ARE YOU THE PATROL OF THE MOUNTAIN?" "I'M THE IDENTICLE INDIVIDUAL!" RESPONDED JACOB, DRAWING HIMSELF UP.

Giant Jake,

The Patrol of the Mountain.

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CHAPTER I.

A FAMILY JAR.

IN the month of October, in the year 1776, there stood, on the eastern shore of Lake Champlain, near its southern terminus, one of the most elegant farm-houses to be found at that day, in all the colony of Vermont, within whose borders this mansion was situated.

It was reared upon the top of a gentle slope, that ran back from the waters of the lake, of whose bosom it commanded a view of many miles in extent. Far away in its rear could be seen field after field, that had been cleared, by the pioneers, and now proffered their smooth bosoms to the implements of the husbandman's toil.

This house was built after the prevailing English manner, and presented to the eye a succession of snug and small apartments, which were arranged with more regard to beauty, and contrast, than to architectural rules. Its height, in no part, exceeded a single story, and it was approached by a broad flight of steps from every side.

All round the roof ran a sort of promenade, walk, or piazza, the outside surrounded by a tasteful wooden railing, and provided with seats, whence a view of uncommon beauty could be obtained. This promenade was in part supported by a range of pillars, which were completely hidden from view, in the autumn and summer, by the woodbines and honeysuckle that encircled them.

A graveled walk, hedged in by rows of most beautiful shrubs and flowers, led down the hillside to the shore of the lake, where a rough wooden dock had been built, for the accommodation of several small sail-boats, filled with fishing-tackle, and implements for other sports, which were usually secured there.

At the distance of a mile, to the south, could be seen the spire of a church, and the top of a tall pole, from which was floating the proud banner of England. This denoted the settlement of Shoreham, containing some three or four hundred inhabitants, many of whom had espoused the cause of the king and the parliament.

Toward the hour of sunset, on a fine bright day in the month of October, as before said, an old man, apparently about sixty years of age, yet firm and erect, and hardy-looking, was seated upon the promenade we have described, and, with a spy-glass, was intently looking over the placid bosom of the lake, as if in the expectation of discovering some desired object.

He repeatedly swept the whole expanse of the lake with his glass, but, at last, as a scowl of disappointment settled on his hoary forehead, and drew down the corners of his proud mouth, he laid his glass upon the seat beside him, and, folding his arms upon his breast, he exclaimed aloud, and in a sharp and querulous voice:

"Not come yet! Can it be possible that the British navy contains an officer so cowardly, as to refuse the challenge of a few hot-headed rebels, without arms or discipline?"

There was no one present to answer this interrogatory, and the old man arose from his seat, and paced the promenade backward and forward with an impatient step.

After a time, he returned to his seat, and resuming his instrument, looked out upon the lake again. Again he was disappointed, for he closed the glass with great violence, and, descending to the ground, he followed a little path that led to the rear of the house, and, finally, to a garden for culinary vegetables, in which an aged negro was at work.

"Jack!" cried the old man, as he approached the fence that separated the garden from the lawn; "has Henry returned from his hunting excursion yet?"

The old negro looked up, and, leaning upon the handle of his spade, he asked:

"Who dat call ole Jack?"

"Me! you stupid son of midnight!" shouted the old man, whose temper was highly excited.

"Well, w'at you want of me?" asked the negro, turning his dimmed eyes in the direction of the old man.

"I want to know if my son Henry has returned from his hunting expedition?"

"Guess not! Old Jack ha'n't seen 'em!"

"The deuce!" muttered the old man, turning upon his heel, and walking toward the front of the house; "this young man of mine will soon find other game to hunt, if Carleton grants my request. If I can once get him on board of the fleet, and away from that devil in petticoats, Miss Clara Marion, I shall make as good a king's man of him, as was ever produced in these rebellious colonies!"

He ascended the stairs that led to the prome-

nade, but before he had reached the seat he had previously occupied, the heavy report of a gun boomed over the surface of the lake, and echoed far and wide amid the surrounding hills.

"There they are! There they are!" cried the old man, increasing his speed, and rushing eagerly to the piazza.

The frown fled from his brow, and a smile lit up his eyes, as he hastened to his seat.

"Ah! a most glorious sight!" he exclaimed, as he looked out upon the water. "There is the blessed banner of the king, and there floats a specimen of batteries that command the world!"

Some three miles from the shore, advancing toward it cautiously and slowly, the old man descried a schooner, which his eye at once saw was armed to the teeth; but few of her sails were set, and she moved as proudly and as slowly through the rippling waves, as a queen in the midst of her subjects. The flag of Great Britain floated at her mast-head, and as the old man turned his glass upon her, a wreath of smoke was encircling her bows, and, in a moment another report broke the stillness that reigned around.

"I wonder where Arnold is now?" cried the old man, with childish delight. "Why don't he make his appearance? By the Lord! it is a most capital time for a fight, for the lake is as still and quiet as a sleeping infant!"

The schooner approached to within a mile or so of the shore, when her sails were furled, and her anchor dropped. At this juncture another sail appeared in view, and the watcher upon the piazza exclaimed:

"If that is only Arnold, how I shall rejoice!"

The glass was turned upon it, as it moved up to the position occupied by the one at anchor, and the old man, catching a glimpse of the flag she bore, cried:

"God bless me! she's a Johnny Bull, too, and just behind her are three more! It's the fleet!"

One after the other, and, ranging themselves in a line, the schooners drew up and anchored. Their riggings were soon after filled with men, and then a boat was lowered into the water, which, after receiving a couple of passengers steered for the shore, in the direction of the house.

The old man dropped his glass, and exclaimed: "It is Carleton, as true as I live, and he is about paying me a visit. Now I may hope to succeed!"

He descended to the ground, and hastened to the little dock, at the foot of the slope. Here he seated himself upon a stick of timber, and, with a varying countenance, watched the approach of the boat.

Impelled by twelve long oars, at which stalwart arms were working, the boat shot through the waters with the velocity of a race-horse. The bright foam laved her delicately-rounded bows, and a bright streak, flecked with glittering bubbles, could be distinguished far in her rear.

"It is Carleton! It is Carleton!" said the old man, when he could distinguish the faces of those in the boat; "that Henry, with his accustomed stubbornness, is still absent?"

Presently the boat reached the little dock, and Carleton, the Governor of the Canadian provinces, and an officer of marines, landed. The old man received them with the utmost deference and cordiality, and, after the customary inquiries and congratulations had passed, he accompanied them to his house.

The servants were immediately busied in making preparations for an entertainment, and the old man, after seating his guests in a neat little parlor, that furnished them with a view of the vessels at anchor, produced a supply of wine, under the generous influences of which, the conversation soon commenced.

The old man showed himself a most skillful politician, for he never made mention of matters that were nearest his heart, giving the wine ample time to work its customary effects. Carleton showed himself especially fond of the invigorating beverage, and was the first to evince symptoms of its great and acknowledged social powers.

"Major Robinson!" said he, turning toward his host, "this wine is of a most excellent flavor, and is well worthy, in this land, of a substantial subject of the king!"

"I am flattered by your good opinion of it," said the old man, "and am happy that it suits your taste."

"By the way," said Carleton, abruptly turning the conversation, "in your last letter to me, major, you mentioned something about a situation for your son. Did you not?"

"I did, most certainly!"

"Well, I considered the matter duly, and myself and my friends have come to the conclusion that such men as you are, staunch and unyielding loyalists, who live in the midst of rebellion and pernicious influences, should be both strengthened and rewarded. I have secured a place for your son, and no contemptible one either! I have come here to-day on purpose to announce the fact to you!"

"Indeed!" cried the old man, while every feature gave evidence of the highest satisfaction; "you have laid me under the greatest possible obligations."

"Not at all!" said Carleton. "We are, on the contrary, under the greatest obligations to you. A man that voluntarily surrenders his only child to the service of his country, is indeed a patriot."

"May I ask what employment you will give him?"

"Certainly. I shall give him a lieutenant's commission under my friend here, Colonel St. Leger."

"In the marine service?"

"No. The colonel's men, or rather a part of them, are doing the duty of marines just now, until we drive this madman, Arnold, off the lake; then they return to land service again."

"I am under the greatest obligations," replied the old man. "My son, just now, is out upon the hills, but he will return ere long, and shall be duly informed of his good fortune."

"He will have but little time to prepare himself for his new vocation, for the season is well advanced, and operations in this quarter must soon be brought to a close."

"He will require but a few days," replied the old man. "Then he shall enter at once upon his duties."

"In the mean time," replied Carleton, "he can cruise with us, in search of the rebel fleet. Report says that he is well acquainted with the bays and inlets of the Vermont shore."

"He is indeed!" said the old man; "and for the matter of that, of the other shore too. He has traversed them a thousand times, I dare say, after fish and game."

"He is fond of sporting, then?"

"Excessively."

"And, as a matter of course, fond of danger," continued the Governor; "for I never knew it otherwise, with a sportsman."

"He is fond of adventure, I am free to say," replied the father; "and I have never heard his courage doubted."

"And will make a good soldier, I will wager!" cried the Governor. "Give me your bear-hunting, salmon-fishing, unpolished son of the mountain for a man to follow war. They have both the nerve and the substance, and can be relied on!"

Colonel St. Leger fully coincided in this opinion, but it was through the influence of the wine that he did so. Like all the officers of the British army, he entertained the most profound contempt for the uncouth and undisciplined provincials. He was a drawing room soldier. That is to say, as soon as his tutor discovered that his beard had commenced growing, his father had purchased him an infantry commission.

During this conversation, the sun had gone down, and the darkness had come. Signal lights were burning in the rigging of the flag-ship of the squadron, and the evening gun had been discharged, both from the rendezvous at Shoreham and on board the vessels, and still Henry Robinson, the old man's son, had not made his appearance.

The banquet, for such in fact it was, was announced, and Major Robinson and his guests sat down to a table loaded with all the delicacies and substantialities that the country could produce, and the skill of the cook could prepare.

The meal passed off pleasantly to Carleton and St. Leger, but the old man was in a fever of excitement, on account of his son's absence. For various reasons, which the reader will understand as he progresses, he desired his presence, during the tarry of his guests.

Food was dispatched to the boats for the use of the crew who had rowed his excellency to the shore, and who were waiting his disposition to return. The parlor was again occupied until the clock struck ten, when Carleton declared that he could tarry no longer, but would return the next day, when the young man would undoubtedly be at home to listen to the history of his new vocation.

The guests accordingly departed to the fleet, and the old man returned to his parlor, completely enraged by his son's prolonged and unusual absence.

CHAPTER II.

AN INTERVIEW IN A MOUNTAIN COTTAGE.

SOME half a mile eastward of the village of Shoreham, a rough and rugged mountain commenced its ascent. Its sides, with the exception of an unfinished road, that wound its ziz-zag way to the summit, were left in a state of natural wildness, but immediately on the top of the eminence, a tract of table-land, of some hundred acres in extent, was cleared for the purposes of the husbandman, and produced, in gratifying abundance, the fruits of the earth. A beautiful cottage, of logs to be sure, was built upon the very brow of the mountain, and the necessary outbuildings for the purposes of a thrifty farmer, were clustered in its rear.

The cottage was the residence of John Marion, an eccentric, but thrifty widower, and his daughter Clara. He attended closely and untiringly to the concerns of his farm, while his daughter, with all the accomplishments of a staid matron, presided over his household affairs.

In the afternoon of the day mentioned in the previous chapter, Henry Robinson, the son of

the old man at whose house Carleton and St. Leger had supped, armed with a rifle, and equipped with the implements of a practiced and skillful hunter, toiled up the rough and uneven path that led to John Marion's cottage, and at last arrived at the door. The farmer was absent, in pursuit of his daily duties, but the fair-haired daughter was at home, and received the young man with a smile of unaffected welcome that a courtier might envy.

The sun of an unusually hot and sultry season had not yet lost its power, and when Henry Robinson seated himself in the little trellised porch that stood before the door of the cottage, the perspiration stood out upon his forehead, and his cheeks and eyes glowed with the exercise he had taken, although for many years he had been inured to the toil of the mountain chase.

Fairer looking beings than Henry Robinson, and Clara Marion, are seldom met with. He was tall, above the ordinary height, finely proportioned, with features of extreme beauty and finish, yet masculine and decisive in every light. Although entirely unused to the field and the camp, in a martial sense, there was decidedly a commanding and military look about him. His manners were graceful and easy, and in his conversation and deportment with his fair companion, there was a touch of tenderness in his tone and manner. That he was her lover, it needed no second glance to tell.

The form and features of Clara were as completely sylph-like and feminine as her companion's were bold and manly. Her bright, fair hair was parted over a full, smooth forehead, not remarkable for its height, but as pure and white as the mountain snow. Her eyes were blue, but so deep and dark was the color, that it required a close examination to assure the beholder that they were not black. Her form was very slight and small, yet every gesture and movement was full of grace and loveliness. Her step was light and elastic; and she glided about the rustic cottage, in the pursuance of her manifold charges, with the noiselessness and grace of a fairy.

Henry seated himself in the portico, as we have said before, and the quick eye of his mistress at once detected that something melancholy preyed upon his spirits, and made him sad. She performed her accustomed duties with more than usual celerity, and then taking a basket, containing some half-made garments, she seated herself beside him, and busied herself with her needle; yet from time to time she cast an anxious glance upon his dejected and troubled features. He made no mention of the cares that oppressed him, and at last she was forced to ask the cause of his sorrow.

There is a resistless power in the tender and inquiring tones of the female voice, that goes directly to the heart, and Henry felt himself compelled to answer her questions.

"My father grows more importunate every day," said the young man; "and has even written to Carleton concerning me. I am confident that the line he is pursuing with regard to me will lead to an open rupture between us, and as a consequence, to my banishment from home, for I cannot, and will not take up arms against my country."

"Your situation is indeed a painful one," said the girl in a low, sweet voice, "and I sympathize with you. Filial love upon one hand, and love of country upon the other are powerful passions to contend with, I am aware."

"True enough," replied Henry. "Yet, in espousing the cause of my country, I cannot see wherein I fail in filial love. If I choose to war against the king, I do not war against my father. We only differ in opinion, and shall not come in personal contact."

"Still, I suppose he thinks he has a right to direct your mind, and that you are in duty bound to obey him?"

"He does; but that right was never given to man! I cannot control my convictions myself. If I would, I can not be a royalist, for every feeling of my heart revolts at the idea!"

"Can you not effect a compromise with him? Will he not permit you to remain neutral, taking no part in the contest? That would be a reasonable manner in which to settle your unhappy differences, and a fair one."

"Alas!" said the youth, shaking his head, despondingly. "I have offered him that, although my conscience reproved me for doing so, and he refused it."

"What, then, is his desire?"

"That I should enter the service of the king at once."

"But surely he will relax, will he not, when he finds that you will not do so?"

"Not a hair! I know him too well to hope for that. He will drive me from home, an outcast, and with his curse."

"And I will receive you with a blessing!" exclaimed a deep voice outside the portico, and in a moment after, John Marion stood before the blushing lovers!

"My home shall be your home, and my hearth and fireside your hearth and fireside," he continued. "You are right, Henry Robinson, in your determination. No man has the right to attempt to control your conscience, which is

a matter between yourself and your God. Your country needs your services; let her have them now, while she is bleeding in every pore."

"That is my desire," said Henry; "and but for the unfortunate preference of my father for the cause of the king, I should have offered my services long ago."

"Know you not, young man!" exclaimed John Marion, solemnly, "know you not that, in this dark day, the rules and regulations that have governed men for years are destroyed, and that the human mind is devising new rules and governments for itself? Know you not that this revolution, that shakes the civilized world to its center, is not a hot and hasty ebullition of overheated physical passions, but that it is the resistless working of the human mind? Be not so blind as to attempt a resistance to the promptings of your heart; but, leaving the consequences with God, resolve to follow the path pointed out by the finger of your destiny!"

There was something solemnly impressive in the tones and gestures of the excited Whig, and Henry Robinson felt a kind of awe as he regarded him. He did not, therefore, answer him.

"Who shall dare to say," he continued, "that the God of battles is not with us? Who but He nerved our arms at Lexington and Bunker Hill? Who but He has rendered the name of Liberty all-powerful as a rallying cry, and raised up so suddenly such a host of orators and statesmen, as are even now astonishing the world with a display of their godlike abilities? Who incites the youth to leave the comforts of the happy home for the hardships of the camp? Who transforms the beardless boy, full of love and pleasure, into the stern, unyielding warrior, wielding his glittering blade, and pointing his unerring firelock into the hottest of the battle? Who, I ask, but that God, in whose hands are the destinies of the world! Therefore, I warn you not to resist your convictions again, but to come out at once and enroll your name upon the list already recorded in the enduring book of immortality!"

"Where can I enlist?" asked Henry, moved by the wild eloquence of his singular friend.

"Where can I apply for employment?"

"There is no difficulty in obtaining employment, and that, too, of an honorable description."

"Tell me where?"

"Arnold needs men. You know, of course, that St. John's has vomited forth its hostile fleet, and that Arnold is preparing to meet them, and dispute the important mastery of Champlain. He looks for men more than vessels."

"Where are his vessels?"

"On the opposite side, in a snug little bay."

"I will return to my home at once, and inform my father of my resolution. Then I will prepare myself, and depart for the battle. I feel that I ought to wait no longer."

"Return not yet," warned John Marion.

"This day your father's house will contain the emissaries of the king, and your presence might work to your injury."

"What do you mean?" demanded the young man.

"The fleet of England is upon the lake. They are bearing down from Carleton's winter-quarters, and of course will visit one so determined in his loyalty as your father."

"You must be mistaken," replied Henry.

"But yesterday I was upon the lake for several miles north and west, and I saw not so much as a fisherman's boat."

"I am not mistaken," exclaimed John Marion, solemnly. "I have been warned that the foe was abroad, by one who never deceives. He is even now in the village, soliciting the true to hasten to Arnold's relief. I shall go myself, and so will many others."

"You go, father!" cried Clara, in the greatest alarm.

"Me go! To be sure I shall go!" exclaimed John Marion, indignantly. "Do you think I would urge my fellow-men to a danger that I shall not share with them?"

"But you are an old man, father, and unfitted for the toils of war. There are young men enough for the emergency."

"Oho! Ah! You know so little of the human heart that I shall not reprove you."

"But only think, father," urged the alarmed girl, as the tears filled her eyes; "your departure leaves me alone and unprotected. What will become of me in these terrible times?"

"I do not leave you alone," said Marion, raising his eyes to heaven. "The God of Washington, Warren, and Montgomery will be with you, and protect you!"

"But the farm, father. The crops and the cattle. Surely they will be lost if you leave them."

"Silence!" cried Marion, in a tone of more sternness than he had ever used before. "I tell you, girl, that I would rather my crops should be blasted, and a murrain rest upon my flocks, than that they should be meted out for the support of the minions of the crown, and the barbarous hordes they have employed against us. I am going to defend them with my life, if need require it."

Clara saw how utterly vain would be all attempts at dissuading her father from his purpose, and she remained silent. Marion turned to Henry, and said:

"Tarry here with Clara until the darkness, then you shall see one who has the necessary authority for furnishing employment. He will instruct you in all that you wish to be informed. As for myself, I must descend the mountain, to talk with my neighbors and friends, and arrange my affairs before I depart. You will not regret the step, and remember that I told you so."

Aside from his real desire to enter the service of his country, this arrangement was pleasing to Henry Robinson, for it presented him an opportunity of passing several hours in the company of his beloved. He joyfully accepted the proposal, and expressed his determination to John Marion.

"It is well," said the stanch Whig; and he immediately busied himself in preparing for his departure. In less than half an hour he quitted the little cottage, and with hasty steps descended the rugged mountain road toward the village of Shoreham.

In the company of his mistress, the time passed rapidly away to Henry Robinson; and, indeed, he paid no heed to it, until he heard the booming of the guns that announced the presence of the British fleet upon the lake. Then he hastily arose from his seat, and wandered about the mountain, in a vain endeavor to obtain a view of the hostile armament that had made its appearance near the shore. He returned to the cottage, and as the shadows of the trees deepened and lengthened, he turned frequently to the rough road expecting to see the returning figure of his friend, John Marion.

But the time passed away, and the old-fashioned clock in one corner of the room in which he sat denoted the hour of nine o'clock before Marion's footsteps were heard in the portico. When he came he was not alone, but was accompanied by a man whose countenance was not familiar to the young man.

The frugal supper had long been prepared by Clara, and Marion and his friend sat down to partake of it with appetites that seemed to have been sharpened by exercise. When they had satisfied their hunger, and while Clara was removing the fragments that they had spared, the former turned to his young friend, and said:

"This is the man to whom I alluded in my discourse with you this afternoon, Henry. Let me make you acquainted with Captain La Rue, of the Continental Army."

The usual salutations were passed between Captain La Rue and the young man, and Marion said:

"You are exactly the man we want in the present emergency, Henry Robinson; the very man. You are already an expert sailor, and are perfectly acquainted with Champlain, from end to end, and from shore to shore. If you have concluded to do your duty and hesitate no longer, you shall have a post of honor and responsibility. This very night you shall be made pilot to the American squadron!"

"I have resolved to do my duty," replied Henry; "yet I am determined to inform my father of the fact. I shall not leave him clandestinely, but shall take my leave as I ought."

"Surely. Go not to the camp of Liberty like a thief in the night, Henry, but go as a man who has weighed the consequences and determined carefully. See your father, by all means."

"May I inform Arnold that we have secured your assistance?" asked Captain La Rue.

"You may," replied Henry.

"When will you join us?"

"To-morrow night."

"Spoken well and wisely! Give me your hand now, Henry," said John Marion. "I see that you are not one to disappoint the high expectations I have cherished in regard to you."

"The young man cannot tell the joy he gives me, or the huzzas that will wake the drowsy shores when I inform our gallant little squadron that we have obtained a pilot!" said the captain.

"It is not for the huzzas of the soldiers, nor yet for the gratitude of the officers, that I have been led to take this step," said Henry. "It is merely because my heart tells me that it is my duty."

"Those are the motives that make our little army irresistible. With us, fighting is a moral principle, not a trade," said the captain.

"Where shall I find your rendezvous?" asked the young man.

"Meet me here," said the captain. "Our worthy friend, Marion, has said something against entering the camp like a thief at night, yet I fear you will be obliged to make your entrance there when the darkness covers both the earth and the water. I have a boat and a crew secreted near Shoreham, and will act as your guide."

"And I, Henry Robinson, shall act as your companion. We will go together, and share the danger like brothers."

"While I admire your devotion to your

country," said Henry. "I must object to your proposed enlistment. As your daughter very justly remarked to you, you are an old man, and unfitted for the perils of a camp. She needs your presence and protection, and in case any accident should befall you, she will be truly alone in the world. Believe me, my good friend, there are young men enough to fight the battles of freedom, and to them should be left the labor of the contest."

"Say no more, if you would not incur my displeasure. I will enter this holy war. My heart is young and pants for the battle, and I have committed my daughter to the care of God. If she has not confidence in His protection, she is unworthy of the name of woman! I will go, and with my own hand assist the downfall of the Briton!"

"If you will not be persuaded, then may God prosper you!" said the young man. "Yet I must say that I wish your mind were differently inclined. For myself, I must seek my home, but to-morrow night I will again be here."

"Then I will meet you," replied Captain La Rue. "Several of our friends from Shoreham will accompany us."

Henry left the little cottage, and shouldering his rifle, started for his home. He had barely gained the opening of the road, a few feet from the cottage porch, when he heard a light footstep behind him, and turning, he saw Clara Marion approaching with a tearful face and outstretched arms.

"Henry! dear Henry!" she exclaimed, as she fell into his extended arms, "promise me that you will watch over my father in the hour of the battle, for he is rash and unthinking!"

"Clara!" cried the young man, in a tone slightly reproachful, "could you doubt my interest in his welfare?"

"No, no!" replied the girl. "I did not doubt that, Henry, but you cannot tell how the idea of his absence afflicts me. In case of his death, I should indeed be an orphan."

"Fear not," replied Henry, affecting a confidence that he did not feel. "Many go to the war who do not die upon the field of battle. Your father may be one of the number."

The lovers conversed for some time, and seemed to dread the moment of separation as if fearful it would be the last. Henry finally departed, and Clara, with a sorrowing breast, returned to the cottage.

It was nearly an hour after the departure of Carleton and St. Leger, that Henry entered his father's house. The old man was yet fuming in the little parlor, and the moment he heard his son's footsteps in the hall, he opened the door and called him to his presence.

Henry entered, and seated himself in a chair. He felt that the decisive hour had arrived, and with a great effort, he nerved his heart for its painful task.

"Why will you so obstinately follow the bent, the determination of your own mind, my son," said the old man; "when you know it is so very displeasing to me?"

"To what do you refer, father?"

"Why in the devil's name are you upon the hills with your gun, all the day and part of the night, when you so seldom succeed in procuring game?"

"The excitement is the same, whether I obtain game or not!" replied the young man. "I am sure, however, that I am as successful as the most of the young men who follow the chase."

"That may be," said the old man; "yet I wish you would remain more at home. Your absence this day has been a bitter disappointment to me. A bitter disappointment indeed!"

"How so?"

"You are not ignorant, I suppose, of the fact that I have been using all my influence to secure you an honorable and profitable office in the service of the king. I am opposed to idleness in a young man. To-day I have succeeded beyond my most sanguine wishes, and if you had been here, you might at this moment possess a lieutenant's commission under Colonel St. Leger!"

"Indeed!"

"Certainly; and I think it a more justifying prize than wearied limbs and an empty gamepouch. I was compelled to exhaust my ingenuity in inventing excuses for you!"

"You were very kind."

"To-morrow my friends will visit me again, and I hope you will honor us with your society."

"May I ask who are your friends, to whom you allude?"

"Certainly. Have I not told you?"

"No."

"Governor Carleton and Colonel St. Leger. They have been here to-day; but on account of your absence they are compelled to call again to-morrow. You should have been here to-day!"

"What do the gentlemen require of me?"

"The acceptance of your commission. Besides that, I presume they want to look at you. Perhaps they want to test some of your qualifications for office. It would be natural, you know?"

"Yes, I suppose so. For instance, persons buying a horse, wish to look at his limbs, paces, and so forth!"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Father, I shall be plain with you. I am much pained to think that you and I differ so essentially upon political subjects; but yet I am guided by my honest convictions, and presume you are. I do not seek to alter your opinions, and shall not permit an interference with my own!"

"Explain yourself, sir!"

"I am a Whig!"

"Whig! So is the devil a Whig! He was always a Whig, and I'd bet my existence, that if the thing could be tested, hell itself would turn out to be a Whig borough!"

"There is no use of becoming excited about the matter," replied the youth; "none in the least. I am perfectly cool!"

"Cool!" roared the old man. "Cool! yes, sir; you are as cool as a successful thief. You are most cursed cool, upon my honor. You are a cool Whig, I suppose!"

"I am a Whig, heart and soul!"

"What the deuce do I care for that, sir!" said the old man, furiously. "I do not care the snap of my finger for you or your whiggery. No, sir, not one! You are my son, and thank God you have not yet arrived at the age of twenty-one!"

"I admit it, and what then?"

"What then?" said the old man, trembling with rage. "What then, you vagabond? You will obey my commands. You are under my control! That's what then!"

"What are your commands?"

"That you abandon at once these accursed Whig notions, and accept of the commission that will be proffered you to-morrow!"

"I cannot."

"But I say you shall, and I will be obeyed. This assinine obstinacy comes from your intimacy with that little Clara Marion, the confounded flirt!"

"Hold!" exclaimed Henry, in a voice of thunder. "Say no more! Listen to me! Reason and persuasion are alike in vain, as applied to you. I am satisfied that my country is in the right. That she needs, and is entitled to the services of all her sons, I also believe; and let the consequences be what they may, she shall have mine!"

"Then you will not accept of Carleton's commission?"

"I positively will not."

"Then listen to me! You shall not abide another night beneath my roof. You may go at once among those whom you prefer to me, and remember that my curse goes with you! When this ill-contrived rebellion is crushed, remember that you have no abiding-place with me, for the decision of this night is final. I solemnly swear, that I would rather bestow my property upon the most degraded and base of God's creatures, than upon a son who will act in defiance of my pleasure, as you seem determined to do. Not a penny from me, sir. Not even a morsel of food!"

"I am prepared for all this!" replied Henry, though his father's language pierced his heart like a knife. "I am willing, if you determine it to be so, to go forth to-night, and accept of your curse as a patrimony. I have not made up my mind to this step hastily, and without reflection. Did I not consider it my most solemn duty, I would never disobey you. In all my past life, with the exception of this one instance, I have been to you a dutiful son, and it does appear to me, that I might be forgiven this one offense!"

"Never!" cried the old man, vehemently; "never! May you live to mourn in ashes the false step you are now taking. Any sane man can foretell your doom. If you do not perish in some miserable battle, which may God grant, you will most assuredly die upon the scaffold. This pitiable rebellion will be crushed in a short time, and its aiders and abettors justly condemned to ignominy and death. I would not, so help me God, raise so much as a finger to preserve you from the halter!"

"Say no more!" exclaimed Henry; "else you teach my heart to curse you in turn, which I would not willingly do. Permit me to bid you farewell, and to wish you many favors from the corrupt and unjust monarch you are determined to serve, at the expense of your own flesh and blood!"

With a proud step, and a flashing eye, Henry Robinson left the room, seized his rifle, and left the mansion, leaving his father standing in the middle of the parlor floor, his breast torn by contending emotions.

The old man heard the echo of his son's departing footsteps, growing fainter and fainter, and at last he could hear them no more. When he knew that he had departed, he threw himself into a chair, exclaiming, as a few hot tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks:

"So much for hopes that I have cherished, but to be blasted. So much for the idle day-dreams that have amused my declining years, only to vanish now, and leave me to grief and mocking! Would to God that this headstrong youth had died in his infancy, or at least before he could have caused my heart such gnawing sorrow. I am ruined and disgraced by his conduct!"

The old man continued his lamentations for a long time, but finally he took up a lamp and retired to his bed, but not to sleep. He closed his eyes in vain, slumber did not approach his couch.

CHAPTER III.

THE AMERICAN SQUADRON.

HENRY ROBINSON left his father's house with his mind filled with grief. He hardly knew which way to direct his footsteps, but finally turned into a narrow path, that led to an outbuilding used as a receptacle for cart and farming utensils not in use. Into this building he crept, in order to pass the night, for the air was damp and chilly.

He deplored his father's unnatural determination most bitterly, and dreaded the idea of leaving the paternal mansion with a curse suspended over his head; yet all the bitterness of his thoughts and the unpleasantness of his situation could not shake his resolution of joining the army of freedom, and supporting the cause of his native land.

Hope never deserts the heart in the hour of trial, and the young man looked forward to the time when his father's anger should cool, and he be brought to repent of his rashness. Consoled by these flattering thoughts, and having also some dim view of future glory and honor shadowed forth to his mind, he fell asleep upon a bundle of straw and was not awakened until after the sun was up.

When he first emerged from his humble resting-place, he resolved to visit his father once more before taking his final departure, but a moment's reflection served to convince him that the old man's anger had not yet cooled, and that an interview would only lead to a renewal of the painful altercations of the previous night.

He therefore shouldered his rifle and leisurely sauntered toward the village of Shoreham, intending to procure his breakfast at an inn, and then ascend the mountain to the little cottage that contained the treasure of his heart.

In spite of the stern resolution by which he was governed, Henry experienced feelings of acute pain as he turned away from his father's premises, and remembered that he no longer possessed a home. There is something peculiarly painful in voluntarily severing the ties that connect us to family and friends, yet such grief cannot compare with the poignant pangs attendant upon a forced and unavoidable departure.

Henry entered one of the little inns of the village, and after ordering his breakfast he seated himself in an obscure corner of the room to avoid the observation of the customers who were constantly moving in and out. He had not long to wait, and after partaking slightly of the food offered him he paid the charges and departed for the summit of the mountain. Every step that he advanced toward the cottage appeared to lighten the burden of sorrow that oppressed his heart.

He found John Marion seated in the little porch busily engaged in cleaning up an old musket that had seen service in the old French war, while Clara, with a pale face and a heavy eye, was busy with the work of the kitchen.

"Welcome to the hill, young man!" cried Marion, putting aside the rusty musket and extending his hand; "you are early to your appointment, and that speaks well for your determination. I dislike a laggard when important matters are in hand."

"I am, indeed, early," replied Henry; "but it could not well be otherwise; I was not inclined to ramble in the woods."

"Did you see your father last night?"

"I did."

"Did you tell him your determination?"

"To be sure."

"And the result?" asked Marion, in vain endeavoring to disguise the interest he felt in the reply.

"He drove me from his house with his curse, as I expected," replied Henry, with deep emotion.

John Marion hung down his head and Clara burst into tears. Henry turned aside and hastily dashed a drop from his eye, as if ashamed that it should be seen. Marion observed the movement and immediately exclaimed:

"Be not ashamed of such tears, Henry Robinson, they are an honor to your heart. Men of bravery are always men of the finest feelings. Indeed, your sacrifices for our cause are great, and you deserve a larger reward than you will ever obtain. Where did you tarry through the night?"

"In an outbuilding."

"Why did you not come to the cottage? Did I not tell you that my home should be your home in case your father cast you off? Here you would have been joyfully received."

"I should have availed myself of your offer, but it was very late when our interview closed, and I was weary. I assure you I felt no inconvenience from my resting-place."

"Clara," said the Whig, turning to his

daughter, "get some breakfast for Henry at once; at all events you shall not fast until you reach the American fleet."

"There is no occasion for your trouble, for I breakfasted on the way here. I stopped at one of the inns in the village."

He was rewarded for this reply by a look of reproach from Clara and a stare of surprise from his kind-hearted friend. He, however, averted his eyes from their gaze, and passing into the portico, leaned his rifle in a corner, and seated himself near it.

"At what time shall we see our friend, the captain?" he asked, as if anxious to direct the conversation from his troubles.

"Not until the darkness. He is obliged to use all caution in his movements, for he is known to the Tories of the settlement, and they would undoubtedly hand him over to the mercies of Carleton if they could once secure his person. He moves in the night."

"Of course he is aware of the position of the enemy's vessels, is he not?"

"Surely. He knew of them long before you or me were informed that they had left St. John's."

"We must be careful to avoid their observations in our voyage to-night, for they will remain in their present position through the day, to judge from the information I derived last night."

"Undoubtedly they will cruise in this region until they meet Arnold," replied Marion. "That opportunity will present itself to them as soon as we secure a few more men."

"Do you know anything of the amount of Arnold's forces? The enemy are certainly very strong."

"The battle is not always to the strong, you remember. I have not asked the captain of the amount of our force."

John Marion labored at his musket until it was repaired to his liking, and then he departed for the village again, stating to his daughter and Henry that he should not return until nightfall, when he should be accompanied by Captain La Rue and several recruits. Another opportunity was then presented to the young Whig of enjoying, uninterruptedly, the society of his mistress, before he left for an untried scene of strife and danger.

These happy hours, like all other happy seasons in this world, passed away, and the darkness came. With it came John Marion and the captain and some dozen recruits, who were on their way to join the fleet or the army. Clara had prepared a substantial supper for the expected guests, and after they had eaten they hastily prepared themselves for the further journey that lay before them.

At length the little band of noble souls were prepared for a march. John Marion shouldered his trusty old firelock, and instructing his daughter how to manage his affairs during his absence, he placed himself in the ranks and declared himself in readiness to proceed. Clara wept upon his shoulder until it seemed that her heart would break, but the old Whig rebuked her for her sorrow and departed with a tearless eye for the lake shore.

In order to avoid the observation of any prying eyes, they descended the mountain in a direction opposite from the road, and by a path that led them some rods in the rear of Major Robinson's residence, yet directly across his lands. This, by far the most perilous part of the journey, was passed in silence, and they reached the lake shore, at a little cove some mile or more above the major's mansion undiscovered.

In this cove lay a large but open boat, capable of containing some thirty or forty men. It was amply provided with oars and a small mast that could be raised or lowered at pleasure, supported a heavy three-cornered sail that materially lessened the labor of the navigation. This craft was hastily prepared for a voyage, and the little crew were soon afloat and skimming the placid waters of the lake, with the wind fair to waft them to their destined port.

The rudder was in the hands of Captain La Rue, and after the light that glimmered in the rigging of the British fleet had been left some two miles or more astern, Henry raised the little mast and sail and their speed was materially increased. The objects on the shore soon became blended and confused, and at last a dull streak like a leaden cloud was all that could be observed to point out the land that held the treasures of the little band.

Near midnight the men suspended their labors at the oars and the boat was left to the force of the sail alone. Henry Robinson and his companions wrapped themselves up in some canvas, threw themselves into the bottom of their little craft and slept soundly until daylight, leaving the captain and John Marion to manage their little craft.

A quantity of provisions had been stored in the boat to serve the men through the day, while the lake upon whose bosom they were sailing furnished them with a beverage. When the sun went down that night a low bank of dense fog could be discovered at a great distance beyond them, and Captain La Rue declared it to be the sand upon the shore they sought.

This announcement was gratifying, and the men labored at their oars with increased ardor.

It was near morning, however, before the fog-bank was reached, and it proved to be what the captain had predicted.

Henry Robinson was aroused by the noise of making the boat fast, and he discovered that he was in the midst of sloops and schooners and other vessels apparently prepared for war.

Early the next morning he landed and was conducted by the captain to the head-quarters of Arnold, which was as yet upon the shore, the vessels not being rigged for the purposes intended.

"I am happy to see you, Mr. Robinson," said Arnold, after he had conversed for some time with the captain in a private apartment of his log quarters. "You are the very man we are in want of. Most of my men are entirely unused to the water, and I confess that I am but an indifferent sailor myself."

Henry bowed to these remarks, and Arnold continued:

"I am informed that you are well acquainted with the lake, its shores and bays?"

"I am, perfectly."

"Are you used to vessels?"

"Of all kinds used upon these waters," replied the young man.

"Just the man, and we can furnish you with immediate employment. We are busily engaged in rigging one of our largest vessels, and the men make but sorry work of it. I place it under your charge, and the captain may conduct you to your duty whenever you choose to commence."

"I am ready at this moment."

"Wait, if you please. The captain states that the enemy's fleet is lying off near your father's house?"

"It is, I believe."

"Do you know anything about his force?"

"I do not. He has some six or seven vessels of all sizes, and to judge from externals they are well appointed."

"Is Carleton himself on board?"

"He is."

"By the gods!" exclaimed Arnold, leaping quickly from his chair, "he is a prize worth securing. He is worth more to the king's cause in Canada than a well-appointed, well-drilled army of ten thousand chosen men. But for him our late expedition would not have terminated so disastrously for us."

"I was not aware that he was celebrated as a soldier?" replied Robinson.

"He is not a soldier. He is merely a commander by virtue of his office, but he is a wily and far-seeing tactician. I have never seen his equal."

The captain conducted Robinson to his duties and in the bustle and excitement of his vocation, he ceased to remember the scenes that had led to his expulsion from his home, and his mind became tranquil and happy. The great excitement pervaded the minds of his associates, who, like him, were warring from principle, and all manifested the greatest desire to get the vessels in order at once, that they might leave the shore to meet their enemy.

Several days elapsed after Henry's arrival before the vessels were declared to be in readiness. Then, when this announcement was made, the guns and ammunition were placed on board, amidst the shouts of the men and the bright anticipations of the officers.

Every thing was at last declared in readiness, and the little fleet stood out from the shore in pursuit of their foes.

In the haste in which the vessels had been fitted out many important and indispensable arrangements had been omitted, which was not discovered until the fleet had gained the broad bosom of the lake. It having been ascertained that the enemy's vessels had left their anchorage near Shoreham and run up for St. John's, it was determined that they also should return to port and refit, in order that they might be perfectly prepared for the expected engagement.

While the hostile squadrons were thus employed strange incidents were passing upon the Vermont shore.

Shoreham, as we have mentioned before, contained some two or three hundred inhabitants, many of whom were Royalists. Since the unsuccessful invasion of Canada by the troops under Arnold, Montgomery, and Allen, a small wooden fort had been established there, not for the purpose of defending the persons or property of the residents, but to keep down the rising spirits of the Whigs, and to enable Royalist officers from Canada to enlist all those who were favorably disposed toward the king's cause.

This fort was manned by some fifty or sixty Tory recruits and wore quite a threatening and powerful appearance. A flag was suspended from a tall pole, rising from the center and several pieces of small cannon were mounted within it, and thrust forth their grim-looking mouths, to the great terror of the women and children of the settlement.

For some time previous to the arrival of the British fleet upon the coast, several of the spirited Whigs of the neighborhood had been

agitating a project which had for its object the capture of this fort and the expulsion of its overbearing and haughty inmates. The plot in fact had been matured and a night set apart for its execution, but when it became known that a powerful Royal fleet was lying within easy distance of the place the affair had been abandoned until some more fitting time.

The hostile fleet withdrew the day after Major Robinson had informed Carleton of the stubborn determination of his recalcitrant son. It was absolutely necessary that a pilot skilled in lake navigation and acquainted with the bays and shoals of the shore should be obtained before they could with safety risk an engagement and, as there was now no hope of securing the services of Henry Robinson, they weighed anchor and departed in search of some one qualified for the task. Immediately after their departure, the old project of securing the fort for the Whigs was revived and arrangements made for the prosecution of the important and dangerous enterprise.

Of this determination the Tories were in utter ignorance. The defeat and retreat of the Whigs who had invaded Canada, the proximity of a powerful fleet, the general reverses that had crowned all the efforts of the Whig armies, had conspired to make them over-confident, and lull to rest their suspicions. They had never made any attempt toward discipline, and at this particular juncture they were absolutely careless.

On the evening of the day upon which the fleet departed for St. John's the project was carried into execution. The men appointed for the task, although fewer in number than their opponents, were a host in determination and bravery and early in the night they were mustered at the base of the mountain leading to John Marion's residence to await the hour of midnight, when slumber should reign throughout the fort and village.

When the appointed hour arrived they marched with noiseless footsteps to the log citadel. A sentinel had been posted in due form, but unsuspecting of danger, he had not endeavored to resist his inclination to sleep, and, crouching beside a projecting angle, he was comfortably wandering in the land of dreams, when he was seized with a rough grip, his mouth closed tightly to prevent his screaming, and his gun placed in the custody of a determined and unarmed Whig.

This cleared the way to the entrance of the fort completely. The doughty warriors of the king were soundly sleeping in their bunks, and, before they could effect any resistance, or in fact raise even an alarm, they were secured by their determined assailants and bound hand and foot, were consigned to a low and deserted room that had once been used for a receptacle of ammunition boxes and empty provision-casks.

The English flag, that for so long a time had floated proudly from its eminence, was hauled down, and its place occupied by a coarse American banner that had been hastily prepared for the occasion. Arms and accoutrements were properly secured and Whig partisans at once assumed the duties of the garrison that had so suddenly changed owners.

The surprise of the villagers when the capture of the fort was announced in the morning cannot be described. For a long time they could not believe it possible that such an event had taken place with so little noise and excitement, but the strange banner that floated from the flag-staff and the new figures that promenaded the walls, in the capacity of sentinels, at last convinced them of the fact.

The Tories were mortified and chagrined and a thousand plans were laid at once to rescue their captured friends and regain the fort, but the constant watchfulness of the sentinels, and the frowning look of the ordnance, which had been placed in more effective and commanding positions, cooled their ardor and they did not deem it prudent to attempt their desired operation.

The Whig portion of the community were greatly elated at this signal success. They walked the streets proudly and openly exchanged congratulations, which they had not dared to do in a long time. The wavering were confirmed in their attachment to the Continental cause, and the bold ones became bolder and more clamorous.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BATTLE.

It occupied Arnold but a few days to place his little fleet in the best fighting order that the means at his disposal would permit. He placed the utmost confidence in the enthusiasm and ardor of his men, and his sanguine temperament never once admitted the possibility of disaster and defeat. The anchors were again raised, with loud cheers, and he steered out into the lake, in search of his proud and equally confident foe.

Henry Robinson had become a great favorite with his eccentric commander. He conducted himself with so much coolness and discretion, and showed himself to be so thoroughly a master of the science of navigation, that he was at once made second in command, and placed upon

the flag-ship, in the cabin with his chief. He had spared neither labor nor ingenuity in preparing the little squadron for the terrible conflict approaching; but, unlike his sanguine master, he looked forward to the result with doubts and fears. The crews were not disciplined, and they lacked, from necessity, in many important and essential equipments.

Arnold ran down the lake, and all the time kept a sharp lookout for his enemy. After three or four days' cruising, it became apparent that Carleton had quitted that quarter, and he accordingly tacked ship, and bore up for St. John's, where he did not doubt of finding the foe he sought.

Henry Robinson was seated upon the deck of his vessel, one bright and glorious morning, looking out upon the bright waters around him, which lay as smooth and unruffled as the surface of a mirror, for there was scarcely a breath of wind moving, when the lookout at the mast-head cried out, in a voice that was heard by the whole fleet—

"Sail, ho!"

In a moment, all was bustle and confusion, where, but a moment before, quiet and order had reigned. The men hurried up the hatches, many sprung into the rigging, and strained their eyes in every direction, anxious to see the craft that, they could not doubt, contained a foe.

Henry was perfectly calm, yet something seemed to whisper to his beating heart—"The time has come!"

"Whereaway?" he shouted to the lookout.

"Dead ahead! One, two, three, four!" cried the sentinel.

"Is that all?"

"No! There are seven in all!"

In a moment the drum beat to quarters; and Arnold himself, his cheek flushed with excitement, and his eyes sparkling with animation, appeared upon the deck. With a quivering finger, he pointed to the flag floating from the mast-head, and drew his sword at the same time.

Three deafening cheers arose from his crowded deck, and the crews of his consorts, catching the enthusiasm, repeated them again, and repaired, with hurried footsteps, to their different positions.

The guns were run out, powder passed up from the magazine, pistols, pikes, and cutlasses distributed at the usual places, and then Arnold paced his deck, with his hands proudly folded upon his breast. He looked up at the clear blue sky, then at the sluggish water, and exclaimed:

"Would to God that a breeze would spring up! Lieutenant Robinson, we are perfectly becalmed!"

"We move, sir, but very slow. The wind will fail entirely, shortly, I should imagine."

"Mast-head!" shouted Arnold, "what of the enemy?"

"They have discovered us, sir, and have beat to quarters."

"Get out the sweeps!" shouted Arnold. "If Carleton is desirous of a fight, I am the last man to deny him the opportunity."

The sweeps were got out, and the vessel urged slowly and heavily through the sleeping waters. Arnold watched their snail-like movements with the greatest impatience, and turning his eye upward, he shouted:

"Are the enemy moving?"

"He has got out his sweeps on one vessel, and is coming slowly toward us, I should judge."

Apparently dissatisfied with the report of the sentinel, or anxious to witness the maneuvers of his enemy himself, Arnold seized a glass, and sprung up the rigging. Here he gazed long and anxiously, occasionally encouraging his men to greater exertions with their huge oars.

Henry Robinson also ascended the rigging, and gazed in the direction indicated by his commander's spy glass. The enemy's fleet were plain to be seen with the naked eye, and, all save one, which was moving down upon them, lay as calmly upon the waters, their tall spars and intricate rigging, clearly mirrored in the waters below, as if they were messengers of peace in a happy clime, instead of the bearers of batteries, freighted with carnage and death. The flag of England floated from every one, or rather, hung listlessly from the rigging, for there was no wind to move them.

In a short time Arnold descended to the deck and Henry followed him. The vessels were now only some half-mile apart, and Arnold had determined to try the metal of a long gun which was rigged in the bow of the schooner. He accordingly said:

"Range that bow chaser, Mr. Robinson, and we will wake up his majesty's people."

Henry pointed the gun with the greatest care, and the match was applied. A deafening report followed, and again the crew shouted and waved their hats in the air.

"A little too high, Robinson!" cried Arnold, who had been watching the effect of the shot. It cut her rigging a little, but not enough to do her much harm."

The gun was prepared again, and once more Henry essayed his skill as a gunner. Scarcely had the smoke cleared from his sight, ere Arnold exclaimed:

"That is it! By the gods! the chips flew from her bulwarks like chaff before the wind. Try 'em again, my lads!"

The approaching schooner returned the fire, and Arnold now brought his broadside to bear, being determined that the first effective blow should tell in his favor. The broadside was given with tremendous effect, and the little schooner reeled under the recoil like a drunken man. The British vessel was terribly cut up by the terrific discharge; nevertheless, she bore round to return the provocation.

In a few moments the action became determined and obstinate. As Henry had predicted, the wind died away entirely, and the dense, sulphurous smoke, incumbered the deck, and hung in sable festoons around the trembling masts. The whole of both fleets, with the exception of the two engaged in the sanguinary encounter, found it vain to endeavor to gain a position and they were therefore compelled to remain idle spectators of the exciting scene! The noise of the cannonade bellowed far and wide, over the sparkling waters, while the shouts of the combatants, and the groans of the wounded and dying, furnished a fitting accompaniment.

Arnold fought with the determination of a wounded tiger. Fortune eminently favored him, for at the commencement of the action he secured the most advantageous position, and he was enabled to maintain it, despite the endeavors of his antagonist to obtain the position for his own vessel.

For an hour the bloody fight raged between the two. At length the Briton saw that he could not longer withstand the rapid and raking discharges which were pouring in upon him, and he once more had recourse to his sweeps, and moved off toward his consorts. Arnold pursued him with all the speed he could command, amid the loud cheers of his men, but a light breeze sprung up and his foe succeeded in making his escape, and with his whole fleet bore down to the northward. Arnold forbore to pursue, and returned to his first position.

Cheer after cheer arose from the vessels that had been unable to join in the combat, when the foe retired. Scarcely had Arnold's vessel anchored ere the water was dotted with a dozen boats, which approached the battered sides of the little schooner to ascertain the damage she had sustained, and also to learn of her dead and wounded.

Throughout the battle Henry Robinson had been so entirely engaged with the many duties incumbent upon him, that he not once thought of his comrade or of the dead and dying. Now that the excitement of the battle had passed and a moment of leisure offered, he passed over the slippery decks in order to find John Marion who was attached to the schooner.

He found his friend unharmed, but fatigued from the strife, and leaning upon a gun whose smoke-grimed muzzle showed that it had but just passed through active service. He exchanged hasty congratulations with his friend and then passed below to see the dead and wounded.

The triumph had not been achieved without loss. Some twenty pallid bodies, stiff and rigid in the embrace of death, met his eye as he descended the hatches, and many more were most desperately wounded, and were groaning pitifully under the hands of the surgeons.

Passing from these melancholy scenes to the open air, he found that the sailors had already commenced cleaning up the torn and blood-stained decks, and that the carpenters and other artificers were engaged in repairing the damages occasioned by the enemy's shot.

Arnold expressed his determination to renew the action on the following day if the wind and the enemy would permit. His men were full of confidence and excitement in consequence of their unequivocal victory, and he determined to try the mettle of his foe again before this favorable state of feeling died away.

The dead were committed to the bosom of the lake, for although the green shores of their nativity could be just discerned in the far-off distance, the time and the occasion would not permit of their going to land. The enemy's vessels had disappeared to the northward, and Arnold, after all these previously-mentioned arrangements had been completed, hoisted all sail and followed in their wake.

At midnight another calm occurred, and the little squadron came to anchor, ranging themselves in the order of battle. The enemy were not in sight but Arnold well knew that no great distance could intervene, and before the men were permitted to seek their hammocks, every vessel was placed in the most perfect order for battle.

Unused to the fetid and unwholesome air between decks, Henry Robinson wrapped himself in a coarse oil-cloth jacket and lay down near the bows of the schooner. He gazed up at the clear sky and the bright stars, and after admiring their beauty and speculating a moment upon their substance his thoughts reverted to Shoreham, and finally to the little cottage upon the mountain brow, and to Clara Marion, who was now its sad and solitary occupant. In the midst of these reflections he fell asleep, and did

not awake until he heard the harsh tones of the boatswain's voice calling all hands to their duty. Then he was aroused to a remembrance of his situation, and rubbing his eyes, he arose from his hard couch and prepared himself for the further duties incumbent upon him.

A fine breeze had sprung up during the night, and the anchors were quickly hoisted and the sails unfurled. The vessels again headed for the north, and the man at the mast-head was ordered to keep up a sharp lookout, and give immediate notice of the appearance of a sail.

Henry Robinson had scarcely finished his breakfast when the enemy were discovered, bearing down upon them with every stitch of canvas he could fasten spread to the breeze. The drums again beat to quarters, and once more he observed the horrid silence that upon all such occasions precedes the storm of battle. Not a voice was heard above a whisper, and naught interrupted the silence save the occasional flapping of a sail and the mournful ripple of the waters around the prow.

It was a solemn moment. While Henry was revolving in his mind the probable issue of the approaching conflict, he heard the roar of a cannon, and a shot came skipping over the water across the track of the little schooner, dashing the spray high in the air and causing it to sparkle in the strong sunlight like a shower of gems.

"Steady! my lads!" shouted Arnold; and running eagerly to the helmsman, he whispered an order in his ears and then resumed his post. A moment after and another shot whistled through the rigging, tearing open the sails, and cutting the stout ropes like threads.

The foremost vessel of the enemy was but a few rods off and apparently taking a position to rake the little schooner from stem to stern. Arnold took no notice of her maneuvers, but bore down upon her midships with all the sail he could crowd.

The men at the guns had been for a long time expecting the vessel to near and deliver her broadside, but as she kept steadily on her course they turned looks of anxious inquiry upon the face of their commander. Arnold stood by the mainmast, as proud and as calm as if in a drawing-room, while not a feature of his resolute countenance foreshadowed the designs of his mind.

At length, when the schooner arrived to within half-pistol shot of her adversary, he turned to the helmsman and cried:

"Every man to his gun! Now! Donald!"

The obedient vessel veered from her course, in such a manner as to bring her side directly opposite the enemy, who was taken entirely aback by the singular movement, and then Arnold cried:

"Fire!"

A horrid shriek followed the thundering discharge, and before the smoke had cleared away sufficiently to show the sides of the enemy's craft, the schooner had shot ahead, and had gained half her tack to come down upon the opposite side!

This skillful maneuver entirely disconcerted the Briton, and before the crew of his vessel had recovered from the effect of the first broadside, he received another upon the opposite quarter. The two schooners then closed in, and the fight waged with the most bloody and determined obstinacy upon both sides.

The remainder of the squadrons closed in the sanguinary engagement as they best could. The British were greatly superior in the weight of their metal, in the numbers of their men, as well as in the numbers of their vessels. The Whigs, however, stimulated by the determined and almost resistless bravery of their leader, maintained the conflict with the greatest courage and effect.

In the smoke and confusion of the battle, Arnold became entangled with two of the enemy's vessels, either of which was his superior in guns and men. Robinson was the first to discover this, and hastening below, he found the commander at a battery, working a gun, and informed him of the accident. He then hastened back upon the deck, but found only two or three seamen left, out of the four batteries that had been fully manned, when the action commenced.

Arnold speedily followed his young lieutenant, and with rage and mortification, found his statement correct, and could see no hope for his shattered craft and devoted crew, but in a retreat, if indeed it was not too late to effect that. The batteries upon the upper deck were accordingly newly manned, and once more the fight raged like a destroying pestilence. While the attention of his enemy was directed to the terrible effects of the blazing batteries, he managed to glide out of his position, and shake off the frail grapnels, that had been thrown across his bulwarks, to keep him between the destructive fires of his two opponents. He saw that the day was lost, and turning to Robinson, he said:

"Now, Robinson, we need your skill. Can you pilot us to some harbor, inaccessible to our enemies? You know we are much the lighter vessels of the two."

"I think I can, sir!"

"Take the helm, then, while I manage the signals, that our comrades may follow!"

Henry took the helm, and directed the shattered schooner to the New York shore. The enemy redoubled his discharges when he observed the movement, and immediately crowded all sail in pursuit.

Several of the American vessels had quitted the unequal contest, before this movement of Arnold's vessel. They were not so far off, however, but they saw the signals, and they forthwith shaped their course in the same direction with the schooner. The Royalists followed after, but the Americans were their superiors in sailing, and soon left them far astern. They, however, kept up the pursuit, as if determined that the Whigs should be completely driven from the lakes.

Arnold saw that there was no hopes of his keeping up a fleet upon the lakes, and although it caused him great grief to resign the important mastery of the little sea to the oppressor, he resolved to secure his wounded, leave the dead to their fate, and run his vessels upon the nearest shore and burn them, to prevent their falling into the hands of his foes.

Litters were accordingly prepared for the wounded, and the dead were consigned to the waves. The little ammunition that was left was also thrown overboard, and the vessels were directed to the nearest land. In the course of a few hours this could be distinctly seen, at no great distance from the spot where they had been anchored while preparing for the bloody affray that had terminated so disastrously.

The vessels were run upon the shore, and after a few necessary provisions had been removed, together with the wounded, they were scuttled and fired, and left to their fate. Henry Robinson could not conceal his emotion at this solemn spectacle, but hurrying to the shore, he retired to the woods, in order to conceal his tears.

He had scarcely seated himself at the foot of a tree, when a sailor approached, and with a respectful bow, saluted him:

"A wounded man, sir, wishes to see you!"

"Who is it?" asked Henry, as a faintness affected his heart.

"I do not know him," replied the sailor.

"Is he an old man?" asked Henry, as he thought, in an instant, of his friend John Marion.

"He is quite an old man," said the sailor.

"Good God! it must be he," said Henry; and he thought of Clara, in the little cottage upon the mountain.

Hastily rising to his feet, he followed the sailor to a little thicket, a few rods from the shore, where a tent had been raised for the accommodation of the wounded, and in order that they might be protected from the dews, and the night-winds from the lake. He entered this tent, and the first object that his eye fell upon, was the form of John Marion, enveloped in an old blanket, and resting upon a rude bed of evergreen boughs.

Henry's heart reproached him, that he had so long neglected to inquire after the old man, and, with tears in his eyes, he stooped beside him, and seized his cold and clammy hand. He observed the deadly pallor that overspread his face, and he could not help exclaiming mentally:

"Alas! alas! Clara is indeed an orphan!"

The old man opened his eyes languidly, as Henry seized his hand. A faint smile struggled for a moment upon his features, but it disappeared like a phosphoric light.

"You have come, have you, Henry?" he said.

"I have come," replied the young man; "and if I had known of your wounds, I would have been here before!"

"No matter for that, my boy. The surgeon has been with me. I did not send for you until he departed."

"What does the surgeon say of your case?" asked Henry, with breathless interest.

"He says I am dying!" said the old man solemnly.

Henry wept like a child.

"Nay!" enjoined the old man, earnestly; "do not weep. I could not die in a better cause."

"Poor Clara! her fears were well founded," said Henry; "would to God that you had remained at home!"

"I am ashamed of you," said the old man, with a futile attempt at sternness. "Ashamed of you, truly. How can you wish that I had neglected to do my duty?"

Henry's heart was too full to reply.

"Time is short with me," continued the old veteran, "and there is much that I wish to say to you."

"Proceed," said the youth.

"Let me be buried here upon the lake shore; here, where the thunder of our artillery echoed. Do you hear?"

"I hear you."

"You must bear the news of my disaster to Clara. She could not live, and hear it from any other lips."

"I will bear the news," said Henry, scarcely able to contain himself.

"Clara loves you," went on the old man, "she loves you, Henry, and when she is alone in the world, you must love and protect her! Will you promise me to do this?"

"I, promise," gasped the youth.

"Among the papers in my desk, you will find a document, containing instructions about my property. You and Clara must attend to it. The instructions are plain and easily understood."

"They shall be observed."

"Never desert this glorious war, Henry. Here upon this lowly bed, upon this bed of death to me, I have been informed by smiling angels, whose whispers sound like music from heaven, that we shall succeed—that we shall defeat the proud oppressor and be free!"

"God grant it!" cried the youth.

"He will grant it," declared the old man, as a slight shudder passed over his frame. "I feel faint, Henry."

"Will you not have some water?" asked the youth, bending over the prostrate man.

"No! it is the faintness of death, and will soon be past. Remember Clara, Henry, and your promise."

"Fear not for me; you know I cannot forget it."

"I know your heart, Henry. It is good, and true, and kind. If you pursue the straight path, you will arrive at dignity and honors. You cannot fail, I assure you."

At this moment the roar of a distant cannon could be heard, and, with a desperate effort, the old man raised himself upon his elbow, and stared about him wildly.

"What is that?" he asked.

"It is only the distant growling of the enemy," replied the young man. "He has probably discovered the flames from our wrecks, and is venting his rage at his disappointment, by firing at the hulks."

"Are they burned?" he inquired.

"They are."

The old warrior sunk back heavily, upon his bed, and closed his eyes for a moment. Henry imagined that he was about falling asleep, and was preparing to withdraw, when the old man stopped him.

"Do not leave me, Henry; it is but a little time that I shall require your care!"

"I shall not leave you. I thought you wanted rest, and was about to withdraw a little distance."

"I shall soon rest in the grave," he murmured.

Henry reached out his hand, and felt the old man's pulse. It was irregular and feeble.

"The sands are running fast," the old man whispered, "and the glass will be empty soon."

Henry saw that he was rapidly sinking, and he could not hold out a single hope. He shook his head mournfully.

"I see," said the dying man; "you dare not bid me hope. I am not afraid to die, however; indeed, I only desire to live for one reason. One desire only, binds me to the world."

"What is that?"

"That I may see this country free, and take its place among the nations of the earth! That time will be, and I only desire to live, that I might see it. I have contributed my heart's blood toward it."

"And will receive your reward, therefore," answered Henry, feelingly.

"Ay!" said the old man, as his eye gleamed with a bright light. "And that too, in a land where there is no pain, no sorrow, and no death. Where the weak are not oppressed, and where the haughty can never come! Ah! boy, it is a glorious reward!"

The old man's enthusiasm exhausted him, and he closed his eyes languidly. Henry continued to sit beside him, and to note occasionally, the faint flutter of his sinking heart. By and by he heard a faint gurgling noise in the wounded man's throat, the cords of his arms contracted with a momentary rigidity; then all was still. Henry let fall the hand that he held, and bending closer to the old man's face he saw that he was beyond the further reach of pain.

He was dead.

Henry caused the body of his friend, to be prepared for the grave, in as becoming a manner as circumstances would allow, and then he left the tent to find a fitting place for the grave. He resolved to carry out the old man's request, and bury him by the shore of the lake.

Some distance from the little tent, in which lay the body of his deceased friend, he observed a tall and noble pine, standing upon the top of a gentle eminence, the base of which was washed by the waters of the lake. He walked to the spot, and found it to be a fitting place for the old man's sepulcher, and he accordingly marked out a grave.

He returned to the camp to obtain the assistance of some soldiers, and as he did so, he cast his eyes upon the lake to observe the position of the enemy. To his great surprise, he discovered that they had changed their course, and instead of running in to the land as he had supposed they would, they were standing over to the Vermont shore.

This afforded him a great relief. He obtained

the assistance of his companions, and equipped with picks, and shovels, they repaired to the solitary pine, and in the soft and yielding earth, soon made a grave for the reception of their old comrade in arms.

A coffin in that place was out of the question, but Henry procured a large oaken camp chest, which answered every purpose. The old man's person was placed within it, his limbs and features decently composed, and then upon the shoulders of four of his gallant comrades, he was carried to the little eminence, and his remains deposited in their mother earth. Henry planted a bayonet at the head of the humble mound, and wiping a tear from his eye, left the father of his mistress to his last slumbers. With a heavy heart, he returned to the camp.

The picture presented to his view was a gloomy one. The men were dejected and battle-worn. The gallant vessels, that a whole season had been consumed in building and equipping, were lying before him, in the little bay, blackened and ruined wrecks. Wounded men were groaning under the shadows of the trees, and apart from the whole, moody and silent, sat Arnold, a lion in battle, but a coward in defeat.

Wearied with the conflicting scenes through which he had passed, and the harassing toil he had endured, the young man wrapped himself in a boat cloak, and throwing himself upon the ground, under the shelter of a thick hedge, he sought to forget his sorrow in sleep.

CHAPTER V.

THE SACKED TOWN.

AFTER Arnold had eluded his pursuit upon the lake, and had burned his vessels, Carleton saw that nothing would be gained by molesting him further, for, deprived of his armament, he was perfectly powerless. The handful of men under his command were too insignificant for further pursuit, and he, therefore, directed his course across the lake, intending to visit the mansion of Major Robinson once more.

He also designed to leave his wounded at Shoreham, and then proceed to St. John's, and place his vessels in winter-quarters, for he very justly concluded that they would not be required again until the coming of another spring.

The day after the battle, he once more brought his fleet to anchor, near the mansion of the major. Leaving ample instructions with his subordinates, for the care and management of the vessels, himself and Colonel St. Leger once more set out for the hospitable Tory's mansion, in a boat.

The old man received them at the little dock in front of his residence, and although he evinced the utmost warmth and cordiality toward them, his heart beat violently, he was so fearful that they might bring him evil tidings of his son, who, in spite of what he considered to be waywardness and ingratitude, he yet loved.

When they were seated, and with a supply of his excellent wine before them, he learned an account of the battle from Carleton, who did not in the least neglect to paint the horrible slaughter he had caused upon the decks of his enemy. Despite his warm and honest attachment to the cause of his king, he could not rejoice at this victory, for he knew not but it was purchased by the death of his child.

"Of course," said the old man, "you have means of knowing who of the enemy are killed?"

"Of course we could only judge from appearances. There were not men enough left on board the flag-ship to man the batteries."

"And your own loss?" asked the major.

"Something considerable, to be sure. I do not deny that the rebels fought well; indeed they behaved nobly, but it did not avail them. I intend to leave my wounded men at Shoreham, among our friends."

"At Shoreham?" asked the major, who just then remembered the change that had been made in the authorities of the place.

"Yes, at Shoreham. Rooms can be provided in the fort, and I shall leave a surgeon with them. The barracks at St. John's are in a most miserable condition, and we shall not be able to repair them this season."

"I am not quite certain that you will be admitted to our fort just at this present time, at least without some argument."

"And why not?"

"Simply because the Whigs have helped themselves to the command, and are now the masters of the fortification!"

"The deuce! The Whigs master of Shoreham?"

"Even so!"

"Of course they were compelled to fight for the advantage."

"Not a gun was fired," said the old man.

"The garrison was entirely taken by surprise." "This is lucky, Governor," interposed St. Leger. "It will afford us an opportunity of teaching these crafty gentlemen a lesson that they will be slow to forget. We can easily recapture the fort."

"To be sure!" cried the old major, delighted with the colonel's idea. "It is only defended by a few rough and undrilled men. Our friends in the settlement might have retaken it, but the

fact is, they are not celebrated for a military temperament. They would assist you, though, cheerfully.

"A fig for their assistance," said St. Leger. "We can drop down opposite the town, land a handful of men under cover of the batteries, and drive out the invaders. It will be but a piece of pleasantry to see the poor devils take to their heels."

"I will intrust this undertaking to you, St. Leger," replied Carleton. "Myself and the major being old men, will take up a position where we can see the sport without the toil."

"I accept the proposal," said St. Leger, with a laugh. "There will be so few shots exchanged, that you need not be very particular about your hiding-place. For a bottle of this wine, I will guarantee life and limb, even if you stood within range of the cannon of the fortress."

"When do you return to Canada?" asked the old man of Carleton.

"As soon as St. Leger accomplishes his undertaking, and an opportunity of landing the wounded occurs."

"Then, by your leave, I will return with you."

"What! leave this delightful residence?"

"Ay!" replied the old man, bitterly. "It is pleasant to me no longer. Since the desertion of my son, I am entirely alone, with the exception of a few servants, and even they have become converts to the political heresy that is sweeping over the land. I do not consider my person safe here, and have arranged my business for a departure of a few months."

"In that time," said Carleton, "the rebellion will be silenced, and you can return and enjoy your heritage in peace. Many of the loyal inhabitants of Massachusetts and New York have retired to Canada, to await the issue of the troubles. You will, therefore, find plenty of congenial society."

"It is certain that I cannot be worse off there than I am here. Every man in this region must live like a hermit and suspect and avoid his neighbor. Mutual confidence exists nowhere."

"Thank God! our poor province is more loyal. But a few, and they were of the lowest class, listened to the treason of Arnold and Montgomery during the late invasion, and they have heartily repented of their weakness. The doctrine of no Government finds but little favor there."

In order to prepare for the operations of the next day, St. Leger retired to the fleet that night, while Carleton remained upon the shore, the guest of his friend and ally. After partaking of an early breakfast, they departed for a spot that commanded a view of Shoreham, as they had observed from the piazza that the fleet was getting under weigh, preparatory to taking a position opposite the little hamlet.

"Now we shall see," said Carleton, as he seated himself under the shadow of a tree, upon an eminence that overlooked Shoreham, "how illy men can fight for a cause based upon iniquity and injustice. I will wager my sword against a dinner that the rebels run without firing a gun."

"They may make a slight resistance," said Robinson, who could not indorse the opinion Carleton entertained of his countrymen, "but I am satisfied that it will be but a feeble one."

"There comes the fleet at all events," said the Governor, turning his eyes upon the lake.

"True enough!" said the major; "and there goes a gun from the fort to arouse the Whigs."

A loud report rumbled amid the hills, and the next moment the Continental flag was unfurled from the staff at the fort.

"God bless me!" cried Carleton, "they carry their mockery so far that they display their rebel banner!"

"And I am not so sure but they will make an attempt to defend it," said his companion.

"Pooh! Mere child's play. How long do you suppose that log pen could hold out against the batteries of the Queen Charlotte?"

"Of course but a moment; but you forget that in cannonading a fort you must necessarily do a vast injury to the property, as well as the lives of our partisans in the town."

"It can't be helped," replied Carleton; "if the fort resists it must be taken. Such an insignificant wigwam must not be permitted to keep off the whole fleet."

"Of course not; but if they will not surrender upon summons would it not be better to storm them?"

"And thus throw away the lives of some score of good men, whom we want so much! No, no; if the gentlemen are determined to enjoy a set-to, they must be dealt with at arm's length."

The fleet meantime moved down in beautiful order and took a position, leaving their broadsides bearing upon the town. When they were anchored a boat, bearing a flag of truce, moved off to the shore, and Carleton, observing it, said:

"There goes a summons to surrender. Now we will see how the rebels have determined to act."

"It is hoped they will act wisely and spare

the useless effusion of human blood," said the major.

"There goes a man from the fort to meet the flag. Who can he be? If I had my glass I might determine."

The officer from the fort and the flag-bearer met. Their conference was brief enough, when each returned the way he had come.

"They will fight, I'll be bound," cried the major; "that conference was too short for terms making."

The boat regained the fleet and the flag-bearer was taken on board. The utmost silence pervaded the little fort, and the streets of the hamlet were also destitute of gossips or children, which was altogether an unusual circumstance, save it might be in the night. Sailors could be seen in the rigging of the vessels, taking in and furling the sails, and preparing all things in as small a compass as possible.

It was an exciting moment. The Governor and his companion maintained a silence fraught with anxious expectation awaiting the movements of one or the other hostile parties.

Presently a light blue smoke curled up from the midsips of one of the vessels, followed quickly by the bellowing of a cannon, and Carleton exclaimed, turning to his friend:

"St. Leger will batter the town. He entertains the same opinion of your storming proposition that I do."

He had scarcely uttered these words when the gun from the fleet was answered by the fort, and the major said:

"I see he does! We have both misjudged the rebels, however, and if he obtains the possession of the place he must do so by the point of the bayonet. He cannot injure the fort with his guns."

"Why not?" asked Carleton.

"It is protected by its position. He cannot range a gun to hit it. Can't you see that every shot goes over it?"

The vessels now began to open in earnest. The roar of the artillery was almost deafening. Carleton kept his eye upon the fort and saw that the major was right, for every shot from the fleet passed over it completely, and harmlessly buried itself in the hillside beyond.

"You are right, Robinson," he said. "The shot all pass over it, and I do not believe he can see it from his vessel the smoke is so dense."

"There goes the Queen Charlotte's flag!" cried the major, pointing to the vessel.

"These rebels shoot well!"

A brisk breeze sprung up and lifted the heavy curtain of smoke that enveloped the vessels. St. Leger was thus enabled to see that his shot was useless and in a few moments the batteries were silenced.

"What does that mean?" asked the major.

"Probably St. Leger is preparing his boats to land. He can discover now that the batteries are useless."

The fort kept up a terrible discharge from the few pieces of cannon it contained, and the shot was well directed, but the guns were so light that the damage was but trifling.

"You are right!" cried the major. "See yonder, St. Leger is getting his boats out on the lake side of his vessels."

"To be sure. He thus avoids the fire from the fort."

The troops could now be seen filing into the boats with their bright guns glistening in the sunbeams like polished silver. In the intervals occurring between the roar of the artillery the enlivening strains of martial music could be distinctly heard.

"A battle is a glorious sight!" exclaimed Carleton.

"Yes," replied the major, "but a solemn one withal."

The boats, having received their complements of men, dropped down the lake beside the vessels until they were beyond the range of the guns from the shore, when they changed their course and made for the land. They reached a low, sandy hill covered with the thick-leaved willows and wild grass of the shore, and, unseen by the men at the fort, they effected a landing.

"Now comes the heaviest of the fight!" cried Carleton.

"Alas!" responded the major, "now comes the bloodshed and the loss of human life."

Slowly but steadily the Royalists ascended the little mound, and emerged from the willows upon a small plain of barren gravel, and they were discovered from the fort.

In an instant the guns were brought to bear upon them, and a shout of defiance ascended from the handful of desperate men, protected by the logs. The discharge was destructive, for several times the advancing loyalists halted and wavered, as if uncertain whether to proceed or retreat.

"God bless me!" cried Carleton, with a look of alarm, as he witnessed this hesitation; "they will not surely retreat!"

"That is a most galling fire," said the major.

"Pooh! it is nothing for British troops to endure."

"They advance again," said the major.

"St. Leger can rally them if any man in the king's service can do it."

The loyalists did rally, and marched steadily

toward the fort, although dozens fell at every discharge of the murderous cannon. They reached the walls at last, but they were only at the beginning of their troubles. The heavy plank doors and the thick logs were formidable barriers, and to attempt an escalade was out of the question. Meanwhile, volleys of musketry were added to the discharges of the cannon.

Battle-axes, beams, and every missile that could be obtained was put in use to force an entrance. Stubbornly did the stout fastenings resist, and during these awful moments the loop-holes constantly blazed with the fires of death. Still the Royalists toiled with a determination worthy of a better fate.

"What say you to the resistance of the rebels now?" asked the major, sickening at the bloody scene before him.

"They fight like devils incarnate!" replied Carleton. "I pity them, indeed, if our troops effect an entrance."

"That does not seem probable just at this time," replied the major.

"What smoke is that curling up amid those trees in the village?" asked Carleton, pointing with his finger in direction of a heavy column of smoke which was tardily ascending into the pure, clear air.

"Is it possible that St. Leger has stooped to played the marauder?" asked the major. "That smoke most assuredly arises from a burning tentment, and it must be the work of design."

"Perhaps St. Leger has been compelled to do it," returned Carleton. "He is in a desperate situation, and we, who occupy a position of perfect safety, cannot tell the causes that may have made the act necessary."

"There, there are the flames, and it is certainly a house on fire!" cried the major, without heeding the Governor's excuses.

The yells of terrified children, the shrieks of the alarmed women, and the fierce crackling of flames that leaped with the activity of a race-horse from roof to roof and from pile to pile, was added to the horrors of the fight that yet raged about the walls of the little fortress.

"Thank God! they have surrendered!" cried Carleton, as the flag broke from the cords that held it and fell to the earth.

"Not so fast!" cried Robinson; "there it goes up again."

Sure enough, a stalwart form was seen ascending the stout staff with the drooping banner in his hand, and in a few moments it was again secured in its place.

A wild huzzah announced that the venturesome Whig, after accomplishing his task, had reached the fort in safety.

"How strangely men can become infatuated with a love of glory," said the major. "It were worth a life almost to perform that feat."

"The main gate is battered down!" said Carleton, clapping his hands; "and by the God that made us, one platoon has entered!"

This was true. The main gate—in fact the only one of any importance—had been battered down, and the British had effected an entrance. The incessant roar of musketry that had hitherto been kept up ceased, and the battle was continued hand to hand.

The result was no longer doubtful. The Royalists outnumbered the Whigs fifty to one, but the gallant little band contested the ground inch by inch. They were driven, by superior numbers, into one corner of their fort like sheep to the slaughter, and seeing resistance entirely in vain, they threw down their arms and asked for quarter.

The enraged Britons refused to grant it.

"Let us die like men!" shouted the Whig leader, indignant at such dastardly treatment.

The fight was renewed again with bloody determination, but the result was not altered. In a few minutes every Whig was down, either dead or wounded, and the flag was hauled down amid the yells and hootings of those who had conquered.

"The day is ours!" cried Carleton, with as much exultation as if a castle had been won.

"True enough," replied Robinson; "but I doubt if St. Leger has seen the fun he anticipated."

"I must be candid, and say that these cursed rebels deserve better principles to fight for. They have behaved like men."

"If St. Leger has any humanity about him, he will now employ his men in subduing the flames. Else the whole village will be destroyed, and our friends will be the sufferers."

The flames swept on victorious over every obstacle. A few of the villagers had rallied and were fighting against them, but their efforts seemed powerless, and they at length became disheartened and left the field to the complete possession of the riotous element. A few of the most valuable goods were removed, and the remainder were left to the mercies of the insatiate and devouring monster.

"Shoreham is a doomed place!" said the major, sorrowfully.

"It is the fate of war, and cannot be avoided," returned Carleton. "Doubtless, the Government will make up the damages when this rebellion is at an end. His majesty is not one to forget his friends."

As soon as the possession of the fort had

been secured, St. Leger dispatched a large body of men to assist the citizens in quelling the ravages of the flames. It was a labor of much time, and a desperate one; yet it was at length accomplished, after nearly one-half the dwellings in the place had been reduced to ashes. When this undertaking was completed, St. Leger endeavored to recall his troops, in order that they might again embark; but he was not able to control them. He had encouraged within them a disposition for revenge, and in view of the stubborn resistance of the Whigs, and the loss of many of their bravest companions, they were determined to wreak a terrible vengeance.

The dwellings of the Whigs, which were readily pointed out by their Tory neighbors, were violently entered, and after the goods that they contained had been destroyed, the men and women were driven to the water's edge and then compelled to embark on board the fleet as prisoners; the cattle were destroyed and fields laid waste, as if such arguments could convince a people of an error, or persuade them to join a party already secure in their hate.

All the mischief was perpetrated in the vicinity of the village that the excited wretches could find to do, and they stood idle for a moment, gazing about for some other object to feed their anger. A coarse-featured villager observed their desires, and wishing to assist the royal cause to the utmost of his ability, as well as obtain a revenge upon a man he abhorred and detested, he rushed into the crowd and exclaimed:

"You have forgotten John Marion, my brethren! He is one of the most desperate Whigs in the colony. He planned the capture of the fort, and he is now with the rebel Arnold upon the lake. His house and barns are on the mountains, filled with an abundant treasure, designed to feed those who are endeavoring to rob the king of his rights!"

"Lead the way! Huzzah! Lead the way!" cried the marauders, and forthwith they started for the peaceful cottage on the mountain.

Lonely enough had been the life of Clara Marion since the departure of her father and her lover for the scene of strife. Alone upon the mountain she had passed the weary hours, starting at every rustle of the leaves in the autumn breeze and gazing wistfully from the door or windows, as if expecting to see the returning forms of those she loved.

Early in the morning of this eventful day she had quitted her couch, and after attending to the necessary cares of her situation, had seated herself in the little porch with her basket of sewing. The birds sung so sweetly, the sunbeams sparkled so brightly and filled the mellow woods with such a soft and many-tinted light, that it filled her mind with hope, and more than once she detected herself exclaiming:

"Ah! I am sure the battle of the lake has passed, and they will be home to-day!"

Presently the dull roar of the cannon broke the stillness that reigned around her home, and scared the little birds from their warbling. It filled her with a gloom like a funeral knell.

"What can it mean?" she exclaimed.

Again and again the solemn sound pealed out, until it finally settled into one continuous roar.

"Surely," she cried, entering the cottage and closing the door as if to shut out the unwelcome sound, "the fleets are now contending! May God protect my friends!"

She threw herself upon the bed, but she could not remain there. Her mind was completely filled with anxiety and alarm, and she once more opened the door and gazed down the mountain-side.

She saw the tall, black column of smoke ascending; she caught occasional glimpses of the flames through the trees, and she heard the piercing shrieks of the women and children.

"Merciful God!" she cried; "what terrible event has occurred?"

Then came the rattle of small-arms. She threw herself into a chair and covered her face; she wept, and the tears ran down her cheeks upon her heaving bosom.

She was aroused by the shouting of the enraged soldiery, as they came rushing up the hill toward the cottage. She heard their coarse laughs and contemptuous expressions, and thought she recognized the voice of an acquaintance crying:

"Down with John Marion!"

Affrighted and scarcely able to stand, she entered the door and bolted it. In a few moments the little cottage was surrounded, and she distinctly heard the voice again:

"Down with John Marion!"

She heard a heavy trampling in the portico, and the fall of some heavy weapon against the door. Then the room seemed to turn round, her breath came quick and short, a cloud obstructed her sight, and she felt a sensation of falling.

She did fall senseless upon the floor, just as two grim and ferocious-looking ruffians broke open the door and entered the room.

Regardless of the suffering girl the crowd followed their ruthless leaders, and a general pil-

lage of the little cottage ensued. The cattle were slaughtered in the fields, the torch applied to the barns, and everything destructible within reach destroyed.

Then Clara was rudely seized, and borne swiftly down the mountain between the blood-stained forms of two warriors.

The fresh air and the exercise revived her, and she was fully restored to consciousness when she reached the deck of the Queen Charlotte.

In company with others as wretched as herself she was placed in a miserable and confined cabin, and soon afterward the fleet weighed anchor, having deposited their wounded in the fort, and regained the position they had left in the morning. Here Carleton and Major Robinson were taken on board, and then they stood out into the lake, directing their course toward St. John's.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SORROWFUL JOURNEY.

DURING the ten days that followed the defeat on Champlain, Henry Robinson was incessantly employed in removing the wounded men and the few stores saved from the vessels to Crown Point, the nearest American quarters. When all had been effected he waited upon Arnold, and informing him of the solemn duty that called him away from the camp, tendered him the commission, under which he had acted.

Arnold had conceived an attachment for the youth, and strenuously urged him to forego his visit. Henry, however, could not be prevailed upon to relinquish his design, but promised to return so soon as circumstances would permit; and under this stipulation, Arnold consented to his departure.

Used to long and adventurous voyages in frail boats, Henry determined to cross over to his native shore in a stout skiff, provided with a sail, to prevent the incessant and wearisome labor of rowing. He accordingly prepared his little craft, stored it well with provisions, placed his rifle on board, with a supply of ammunition, and seating himself in the stern he dashed out into the lake, high in the hope of soon meeting that being, who, of all upon the earth, he most loved.

It was nearly sunset on a bright and balmy day that he commenced his voyage. The lake was ruffled by a light breeze that filled his little sail, and wafted him swiftly and quietly along. He passed the little promontory, on whose summit was the grave of his friend, and he could not forbear a sigh when he remembered the parting scene between them.

He succeeded in reaching the opposite shore without accident of any kind, and for the sake of security he determined to run his little vessel into the cove, above the mansion of his father, from which he departed in company with Captain La Rue, when he set out to join the patriot fleet. He succeeded in gaining his anchorage undiscovered, and lowering his little sail, he secured his delicate craft to a fallen stump, and with a light heart he leaped ashore.

Seating himself, he gazed for a long time at the beautiful residence of his father, which lay before him. He observed the silent and deserted aspect that it bore, but not dreaming that it was abandoned, he attributed the closed doors and shutters to some whim of his father, and thought no more of the matter. He was debating whether he should endeavor to obtain an interview with his parent, or to pass on to the residence of John Marion, and the presence of his mistress.

As a sort of compromise between his pride and his inclination, he resolved to seek an interview with some of the servants, and then be governed by the information that he might obtain.

He accordingly walked toward the house, keeping his person from the view of any one who might be seated on the piazza, and in this way he gained the rear of the dwelling. He was surprised, and not a little agitated to find that here too, everything seemed deserted and cheerless. He walked into the little garden in the hopes of finding old Jack or some one else that could explain the mystery, but like the house, the garden was without an occupant. He resolved at once to enter the house and solve the mystery.

He tried the doors but he could obtain no entrance; everything was as fast as locks and bolts could make it. He walked to the front of the house and ascended the outer steps that led to the piazza. Here too, everything bespoke desertion, for seats and tables were removed.

"This is passing strange!" thought the young man. "I will seek Clara and perhaps she can explain to me!"

Knowing a majority of the villagers to be unfriendly to the American cause, Henry departed for the cottage on the mountain by a path that was sheltered from view, and one that did not lead in the vicinity of the settlement. It took him, however, near the top of the eminence from which his father and Carleton had witnessed the fight between the fort and the soldiers of the fleet. Thinking to obtain a view of the little town, he halted under the very tree that had sheltered them.

A sickening sight greeted his eyes. Vacant spaces of ground, formerly occupied by comfortable tenements, heaps of blackened rubbish, and fragments of ruined goods were strewn about, showing beyond a question, that the horrors of war had visited the settlement during his absence. The flag of England floated from the walls of the fort, and Henry was at a loss to account for the melancholy appearances before him.

"Surely," he exclaimed, "the Whigs have not been hardy enough to attempt the capture of the village. It must be so, however, for the Tories would not burn their own dwellings."

He left the little eminence sad enough, and commenced the ascent of the mountain. He was forming in his mind a plan by which he could break his melancholy tidings to Clara, without shocking her sensitive heart, and therefore passed swiftly forward, and even gained the little garden through which he had so often passed, before he looked up toward the little porch, in the vine-shaded entrance to which he had so often beheld the adored features of the girl he loved.

Alas! there was no cottage there!

Completely overpowered by his emotions, he sunk to the ground as heavily as if he had been felled by a blow. His senses entirely forsook him, and he lay for a quarter of an hour or more, insensible.

When he revived he felt the greatest prostration of strength, but he crept to the wall surrounding the garden, seated himself upon it, and gazed about him with swimming eyes.

How changed was the prospect since he had last been there! How thorough and unrestrained had been the work of destruction!

With a feeling of horror he set about searching the ruins, expecting every moment to discover the mutilated body of Clara; but in this he was happily disappointed. He found no traces of her whatever.

Reckless of danger, and governed by a solitary feeling, he descended the hill by the little road he had so often traveled, determined to seek for an explanation of the horrid scenes that met his gaze upon all hands, even if he should be compelled to ask it at the very gates of the fort. Just as he reached the foot of the mountain, he beheld a human figure slowly approaching the place where he stood, and he seated himself upon a log to await its coming.

To his great joy he discovered that it was old Jack.

"Now," thought he, "I shall not only learn the fate of Clara Marion, but I shall learn why my father's house is deserted."

Old Jack approached slowly. His form was bent with the weight of many years, and he hobbled wearily along. At length he arrived opposite the log upon which his young master was sitting, but his eyes were dim, and not discovering him he was proceeding on his way.

"Jack! my old friend," said Henry, "have you forgotten me?"

"Who speak to Jack?" said the old man, stopping and leaning upon the head of his staff.

"It is me! Henry. Have you forgotten me?" and the young man stepped out into the path before him.

"Oh! Master Harry! God bless ole Jack. When you come back from the war, eh?"

"I have just returned. But come, Jack, sit down on this soft mossy log and tell me the meaning of all this destruction I discover about me. I am anxious to hear you!"

"Ah!" cried the old negro, shaking his head solemnly, and hobbling to the seat pointed out by his young master. "Sorry times! sorry times! Ole master gone away, and young master to the wars. Ole Jack all alone, now. Ebberybody gone!"

"I am here my good fellow. Now tell me what has happened since I left. You remember the time, don't you?"

"Yes, yes! Ole Jack remember all about 'em. Ole Jack nebber forget that time!"

"But you forget about the information I want!" replied Henry, somewhat impatiently.

Thus reminded, old Jack scratched his curly poll, and proceeded to relate, as well as his impaired faculties would permit, the transactions that had occurred since his young master's departure. Henry listened with breathless interest, and when he detailed the conduct of the enraged Royalists in burning the buildings of the Whigs, and in slaughtering their cattle, the young man's brow became as black as midnight.

"What of the prisoners, Jack—what of them?" cried he, fiercely. "What has become of Clara Marion?"

"All gone! all gone!" replied Jack.

"Gone where?" persisted Henry.

"Gone in de ship! Ole Jack don't know where!"

"Gone with the vessels, eh?"

"Yes, drov' off like sheep!"

"Perish my heart!" cried the young man fiercely, "if Carleton and his minions do not regret this step!"

"What you say?" asked Jack.

"Nothing!" replied Henry, in a more tranquil tone. "So my father has gone off, too?"

"Yes."

"He at least will not let Clara Marion suffer. At least he will regard her as a female acquaintance entitled to his protection, although he has often railed against the influence he supposed she exercised over me. If he should not regard her, she is lost!"

"Speak louder!" said the old servant. "Ole Jack can't hear good now. He berry deaf!"

"It was nothing," replied Henry, in a louder tone. "I was only thinking a little. Where are the other servants?"

"Gone to the war. Gone to Boston."

"Where do you stay?"

"In de ole but again?"

"Did my father leave you any money, or any provisions, Jack? Or has he turned you off to die in your old age?"

"No, no!" cried the negro; "Master Robinson gib ole Jack plenty of money and plenty to eat."

"That was just, at all events," replied the young man. "You deserved it at his hands."

"Ah! he berry good to Jack!"

"He can well afford to be so, my good fellow, for you have served him long and faithfully. Now I am about to leave you, for this is no place for me. Give me your hand."

Old Jack looked up, and the tears were standing in his eyes.

"Then ole Jack be all alone ag'in!"

"Yes, Jack!" said Henry, himself affected almost to tears. "Perhaps some of us may return again, however. You need not mention that you have seen me here, for the Tories are not my friends!"

"Ole Jack nebber tell."

"God bless you, my good fellow!" and Henry, not trusting his voice to say more, turned into the wood, and sought the little cove in which his skiff was moored.

Old Jack indulged in a plentiful flow of tears, and then he, too, pursued his road toward the little hut which had latterly become his home. The poor old man was weeping for his young master's departure.

Henry found his little boat undisturbed, and the lake calm. Sore at heart, and anxious to devise some scheme for the liberation of his mistress, he resolved to quit his native shore that night, and once more seek the presence of his old commander.

He therefore entered his little boat, drew out his provisions and satisfied his hunger. Then shaking the furls from his little sail, he spread his canvas to the breeze, and once more trusted himself upon the sparkling bosom of the waters.

The monotony of his voyage was not disturbed by any particular incident, and he landed safely at the place of his setting out. Disposing of the boat that had served him so well, he paid a hasty visit to the grave of his friend, and then set out for Crown Point, on foot and through the wilderness. Fatigued and exhausted with the toil of the travel, he arrived there late at night, and, seeking lodgings with an acquaintance who had served with him in the squadron, he retired to his couch, intending to visit Arnold on the following morning.

With the first tap of the drum he awoke. Shaking off an oppressive desire to slumber, he turned out to witness the morning parade, and when it was ended, he went to the quarters of his commander, and reported himself as ready for any duty that might be assigned him, provided it led him to the royal province on the north.

"Your arrival is most opportune," said Arnold, after he had listened to the young man's proposition. "I have a mission for you to perform, which will take you until the commencement of winter. Then I think your desire of visiting Canada may be gratified."

"I shall be compelled to decline your mission, sir, unless it leads me to Canada at once. I am particularly interested in visiting that region, else I should not be particular about my duty."

"Will it be improper for me to ask your reasons for this visit?" asked Arnold.

Henry colored deeply, but he replied:

"A friend, sir, and one very dear to me, was taken from Shoreham, during the late affray there, and is a prisoner to St. Leger or Carleton. I wish to effect the liberation of this person."

"A very praiseworthy motive," said Arnold; "but my dear young friend, you do not surely hope to accomplish this object by visiting Carleton in person? You only lose your own liberty, without assisting your friend!"

"I have thought of all that, sir, yet believe I could devise some scheme to liberate my friend, without danger to myself."

"Pooh! such thoughts are quite natural to young men of your ardent temperament; but you had better be advised by me, and relinquish your design. I can secure the freedom of your friend in a far better way. Is he a friend to the colonies?"

"Yes, sir!" replied Henry, somewhat confused.

"Then I will effect an exchange with Carleton. I have several Tory prisoners of some importance."

"But perhaps he would not be willing to let Clara go!" cried Henry, forgetting himself en-

tirely. "I have heard that the treatment of females in his power was worse than odious."

"Ah! then your friend is a female?"

It was too late for Robinson to attempt deceit, and he frankly replied:

"She is."

"That alters the case!"

"I feared as much, sir."

"No fear about it," replied Arnold. "It is all the better for your chances of success."

"How so?"

"Being a non-combatant, she is entirely a valueless prisoner. Carleton will not refuse to exchange with me, for it is in accordance with the usages of all civilized nations. I will give him a valuable man for her, and two of them for that matter. He will not think of refusing my request. Your other fears are idle. He dare not insult or abuse a helpless female, whom chance has thrown into his power!"

Henry was relieved.

"You then feel certain of being able to effect an exchange?"

"So much so," replied Arnold, "that I will take it upon myself to promise you her person when you return from the errand I desire to intrust to you. I will use all the power at my command to bring it about, and am confident of success."

A moment's reflection convinced the young man, that such a proposition as his commander had proposed, was the only reasonable manner in which his desire could be accomplished. He knew Arnold to be a prompt and vigorous man, and he replied:

"In consideration of your promise, then, I am ready to enter upon any duty you may assign me."

Arnold bowed, and replied:

"You may rest assured of my exertions in your behalf, for I would scorn to deceive one so generous and so much devoted to our cause. What is the name of the person you desire?"

"Clara Marion!"

Arnold opened a small desk in one corner of the room from which he drew out a book and materials for writing. He entered her name upon one of the pages, and returning the volume to its place, he said:

"Now for the details of our plans."

"I am ready to receive them."

"Have you heard of the 'Patrol of the Mountain,' since your connection with the army?"

"I have heard the men speak of such a person."

"I wish you to visit him. Just at this time, I am in want of his services very much."

"Where is he stationed?"

"Among the hills of Essex, on the regular route between Canada and the capital of the colony."

"Are there fortifications there?"

"No. He is alone, or nearly so. He is watching the movements of some Tory marauders, who are constantly descending from Carleton's dominions upon our settlements below."

"Of course you can direct me to this locality?"

"He is somewhere about the Boreas river, and the lakes thereabout. I cannot tell the exact spot."

"It will be something of a goose chase then, to find him."

"No. He will probably discover himself somewhere in the region I have mentioned. I have a packet prepared for him."

"What preparations shall I need for the journey?"

"But few. You want your rifle, and the few provisions that you can stow away in a knapsack."

"Then my arrangements can be soon made."

"Yes. You can start in the morning. Take the wilderness path, for the lake-shore is more dangerous. When you reach Boreas river, follow it up from the Hudson to the mountains, and you will find the man I want. You will not mistake him."

Henry departed and prepared himself for the journey. This was but the labor of a few hours, and the remainder of the day he sauntered about the camp, and amused himself as best he might.

Soon after the usual parade the next morning, he presented himself at Arnold's room and received his dispatches. He then shouldered his rifle, and with a resolute air, entered the forest, and guiding his steps by a small compass that he carried in his pocket, he shaped his course for the Boreas river.

It was the most beautiful season of the year for the journey in the vast unbroken wilderness, that, at this period, stretched from the St. Lawrence to the shores of Lake George. The frost had given to the leaves those beautiful and ever-varying tints, so remarkable for the gorgeousness of their display, and the air was fresh, balmy and bracing. Most of the summer songsters were yet pouring forth their matchless lays, and wild berries and forest fruits of various kinds abounded.

The scenery was grand and striking. High hills, masses of naked and rugged rocks, smiling valleys, sparkling streams, and tumbling cascades could be seen at every turn, and in every variety of position and conformation. The

towering pine and the sturdy oak seemed to vie with each other for majesty and grace, and thousands of creeping vines, bearing beautiful and highly-scented flowers, almost covered Nature's soft and yielding carpet.

All these beauties Henry Robinson could appreciate, and his journey, therefore, was a pleasure, not a toil. Regaled with sights and sounds that greeted his senses, he passed on without heeding the lapse of time, and without experiencing any of the customary wants of nature. The sinking sun, and the lengthened shadows of the trees, at last admonished him to look about him for some place of repose and safety for the night.

A short distance to his right, a huge hill, or rather mass of naked rock, scarcely covered with verdure, raised its frowning head above the plain. Down its mossy sides a bright little stream of pure water foamed and tumbled, giving luxuriance and vigor to a plot of wild grass that received it at the bottom. Here he determined to halt, build his bed of boughs, light his fire, and pass the hours of the night.

He built his primitive encampment under the shadow of a thick and overhanging hemlock, and then collected a quantity of dried limbs to serve his fire through the night. Then he filled his canteen with the sweet water from the rock, and applying a match to his fagots, sat down in the bright light to the sweetest meal he ever ate.

Slowly the darkness came down upon him. When the hour of rest arrived, he replenished his fire, laid his rifle in a position convenient to his grasp, and extending himself upon the boughs, gave himself up to slumber, as confidently as if he had been surrounded with walls of stone, and guarded by a hundred sentinels.

With the first tint of dawn he was up and upon his path. As he plunged still deeper into the vast extent of woods before him, the aspect of the hills and valleys became more gloomy and dark, and it seemed to him as if the feet of Christian men had never wandered to the wild and lonely region. There was a tameness about both birds and quadrupeds that alarmed him, for many of the latter evinced no very decided pleasure at his unexpected visit.

The shades of another night were gathering around him, and he was looking out a camping ground, when he discovered a thick smoke in the distance. He determined to approach it, and learn the cause of its appearance.

With caution, he hastened toward it. The further he proceeded, however, the greater seemed to be his distance from it. He arrived, at last, at the foot of a chain of high hills, and had the mortification of discovering that the smoke was upon the opposite side.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PATROL OF THE MOUNTAIN.

DETERMINED to trace up the smoke, and judging it to proceed from some camp-fire, Henry Robinson started resolutely up the sides of the mountain. The way was tangled, and filled with obstacles in the shape of logs, bowlders, thorns, and underbrush, and he found it a toilsome undertaking. Still he pushed on, and after an hour's incessant labor, he gained the summit, and seated himself upon a rock, to recover his breath.

The scene that spread itself before him was most lovely. The side of the mountain in front of his position sloped away gently, free from the numerous obstacles he had just surmounted, and terminating in a broad, quiet valley, through which swept a river of bright and glittering water. But a few trees covered the luxuriant bottom land, and they were mostly maple, tall and widely spreading, affording shades and shelter of the finest kind. What pleased the young man most of all, was the discovery of the cause of the smoke, whose curling, spiral pillar, had seduced him so far from his proper course.

On the grassy banks of the river stood a rude encampment, consisting of several huts, built of bark, and covered with the branches of trees and loose earth. The huts were built in a circular form, with their doors pointing to the center of the circle, if indeed a wide opening, without barrier to wind or storm, could be called a door. In the midst of the space before them, the remains of a great fire of logs and the branches of trees, were smoking and smoldering, and a heavy cloud of the ascending vapor rested high above the surface of the water.

Robinson could see no persons in or about the huts; but upon the river, some hundred yards above the encampment, two canoes floated leisurely and sluggishly upon the water, and they contained several men, engaged most zealously in fishing. Who they were, and what they were, it became important for the young man to know, before he proceeded further.

How was he to obtain this desirable knowledge, without putting himself in their power, if they chanced to be enemies? He had already begun to reflect upon the line of conduct that he ought to pursue, when he felt a hand laid heavily upon his shoulder, and heard a coarse, glum voice, exclaim:

"We're well met, stranger! I've a desire to

converse with you a while, if so be you ha'n't no objections!"

Robinson turned round to obtain a view of the person addressing him, and his eyes enlarged, and his nostrils expanded, as he fancied himself to be gazing at one of the veritable sons of Anak!

This person was nearly seven feet in height, without any artificial helps. He was not one of the slim and spare-built skeletons that some times astonish a person, but his massive bones were covered with a plenty of substantial flesh, and his proportions were admirable.

Nature had evidently been partial to his form, at the expense of his face. Robinson had seen many uncouth features in his day, but he was forced to acknowledge that he had never before seen such absolute and irredeemable homeliness, as was now before him. The broad, mis-shapen brow, the heavy, overhanging eyebrows, the small, sharp, gray eye, the nose, violently turned to one side, giving to the whole face an expression irresistibly ludicrous, the capacious mouth, encircling the lower part of the countenance, and at times displaying a set of teeth that would rival a panther's, and then the heavy, square chin, covered with a coarse and bristling beard, made a picture of the most singular and original description.

The dress of this man corresponded with his face and figure, in singularity and awkwardness. The upper part of his person was enveloped in a kind of shooting-jacket, commonly called a roundabout, which was much too small for the space it had been designed to cover. It made no pretensions to reaching his waist. In the absence of buttons, it was secured in front with yellow strings, the ends of which hung dangling downward, making a gay display. His pantaloons were of buckskin, much soiled and worn, and fitted his herculean limbs as snugly as if they had grown with his growth, and insinuated themselves into the place of his skin. His feet, of most enormous length and breadth, were incased in a pair of heavy boots, and his large, bushy head was ornamented and protected by a leather cap, made in a semi-military style. Around his waist was a broad leather belt, to which was appended a powder-horn, a bullet-pouch, a long knife, a small hatchet, and a coarse canvas bag, filled with a variety of utensils of the utmost importance to a dweller in the woods.

This personage was no other than Jacob Dash, the Giant Patrol.

Robinson could not remove his gaze from the singular being before him, and for some time he looked at him with open and undisguised wonder. The giant bore the examination good humoredly, and at length said:

"I'm rather the best lookin' of the two, a'n't I?"

Henry could not restrain a laugh at this query. He felt it to be due to the stranger, that he should make some excuse for his rudeness, and he exclaimed:

"I was not criticising your looks, sir. I was completely surprised at meeting a person in this lonely place."

"Yes. Jist so. I s'pose you didn't see them huts, and that boat full of men down there, did you?"

"I confess that I had just discovered them. Perhaps you will tell me who those persons are?"

"I would if it wa'n't for one thing, sir."

"And what may that *thing* be? Perhaps we may remove it, or get around it in some way."

"Do you r'aly think so?"

"I do. Mention it."

"Waal; I don't know myself, that's all."

"Then you're a stranger here, too?"

"I don't allow myself to be a stranger anywhere," said Jacob. "I've not been in these parts though very lately. I've jist come from Boreas river, an' I'm glad to see ye."

"Glad to see me! Why so?"

"Bekace you'm a Whig!"

"How do you know that?"

"Fust and foremost, by the cut of your face."

Secondly, by the cockade on your cap!"

Henry hastily pulled off his cap and discovered that there was a small cockade attached to its side.

"This little toy must be removed," he said, suiting the action to the word. "It might have led me into difficulty."

"So it might," replied Jacob. "There is some that prowls through these old woods that don't mind layin' out a Whig more'n I'd mind roastin' a trout for my breakfast!"

"I expect you must be the man I am in quest of," said Henry. "Are you the Patrol of the Mountain?"

"I'm the identical individual!" responded Jacob, drawing himself up.

"Then you are certainly the man! I bring dispatches to you from Arnold. I expected to find you at the Boreas river."

"I generally stay in that region, but I've been chasin' up them fellers down yonder and it's brought me away to these parts. How do our folks come on about the lake?"

"You knew that the squadrons had met, I suppose, and that they have defeated us?"

"Nol! How the deuce can you expect me to

know any thing here in the woods? I've scarcely seen a white man since I came from Canada scrimmage."

"We were defeated, but we did not leave our vessels in the hands of the enemy. We burned them."

"That was proper. But come down the hill a ways, and I will look at your documents. I've built a sort of camp, but it don't compare with my coop on the river."

Henry followed the Patrol some distance along the top of the ridge and then they began to descend the mountain in an oblique direction. About half-way down the side they came to a little hut artfully concealed from observation by a projecting rock. It consisted of a few logs and upright posts covered with bark, and contained in addition to a bed of boughs, a few culinary utensils, which a person might carry with but little inconvenience. A bed of embers, carefully covered with ashes, was immediately in front of it, and at a short distance down the hill-side a spring of pure water bubbled up.

Under the shelter of this rude hut Jacob and Henry seated themselves. The young man produced a paper carefully folded and sealed and gave it to the Patrol and then threw himself upon the bed of boughs to await the perusal by his companion.

With the utmost awkwardness, Jacob broke the seal and unfolded the packages. He pored over their contents for a long time, spelling many of the words aloud, but at length finished them and, refolding them, thrust them into the canvas-bag at his side.

"That Arnold's a most mighty chap. He's all grit, like a good w'etstone. Congress ought to give him means enough, and not keep him cooped up like an old hen. He's a feller that can't stand grief nohow. He's always busy, too."

"I can fully indorse your statement," replied Henry, "yet I cannot see how he can further employ himself until the opening of a new campaign. He is almost destitute of troops."

"He don't care any more for that than I care for the varmints of the forest. He's determined to have another chance at Carleton."

"What, now?"

"Yes, now. He thinks that he will take winter-quarters at St. John's so as to be near the fightin' region when the spring comes. He wants me to take a run up that way and see how he arranges himself. If an opportunity occurs he will attack him."

"But we have not a vessel upon the lake!"

"No matter for that. He will wait for the ice. Above all other time, Carleton will feel secure in the dead of winter."

"Am I to accompany you?" asked Henry, hoping that such was the arrangement and thinking that he might probably meet Clara Marion. "Am I to accompany you, or am I to return to Crown Point?"

"You are to go with me, according to the instructions."

"Good!" exclaimed Henry, rising from his recumbent position and clapping his hands.

"When do we start?"

"I hain't concluded yet," said the Patrol. "The fact is, I have the greatest curiosity to find out our neighbors on the other side of the hill."

"That need not be a lengthy task," replied the youth. "We are so near to them that we can determine at any time!"

"Oh! you needn't fret so much about Canada," said Jacob. "You'll get Canada enough, and time enough!"

"I am not unused to fatigue!" replied Henry, "and I doubt not but I shall endure the toils of this journey as well as many persons of stronger frames would."

"There is nothing like pluck! Although I am entirely opposed to all further attempts upon Canada, and wouldn't give a ha'penny for the hull province and Carleton to boot, I s'pose I must go on the errand. I go for discipline, youngster, straight out. Though I'm an independent volunteer, and go to war because I hate the king, I'm tucked on the northern army and must obey my superiors!"

"Discipline is the foundation of all military success," replied Henry, "and high and low must submit to it."

"Waal, I calculate I know that. But come, the sun is getting low, and we must make preparations for the night. After we've foddered, and it gits to be dark enough, I'll take a look at the other cabin and see what I can discover. If you'll git up the fuel, I'll cook you a venison-steak that would make a Jew turn Christian."

Henry readily complied with this arrangement, and leaving his rifle in the hut, he set out in quest of fuel. There was no lack of this indispensable article thereabouts and he had not far to go for the desired quantity. He soon accumulated a large pile of dried limbs and then taking his own canteen and the Patrol's also, he went to the little spring for a supply of the sparkling nectar that so abundantly flowed from it.

While he had been thus employed, Jacob, with a dexterity that would have reflected honor upon a Parisian cook, had prepared a

steak from a quarter of luscious venison at hand, and announced to his young companion that it was in readiness for discussion. Henry needed no spicy condiment or tempting display to provoke an appetite, but taking his seat upon the ground, he followed his companion's example by seizing a piece of venison from the block of wood upon which it was deposited with his fingers, and forthwith commencing his repast. Some of the camp biscuit from his own knapsack, served them in the place of bread, and they ate heartily.

"Now," said Jacob, after their hunger was satisfied. "Now we will cover up the fire, and smoke our pipes until dark. After that we will endeavor to make out what's brewin' in the camp by the river. Then we will determine about Canada."

"It cannot be that so few people have come to this gloomy region for any mischief," said Henry.

"Oh! no; sart'inly not," said Jacob, filling his pipe with tobacco, and raking it amid the embers for a light. "They's nothin' here to mischief, without it might be the rocks and the trees. That a'n't the idea I'm after. They may be refugee Tories, running from the colonies to Canada, and it may be important to stop 'em, and secure their persons."

"To be sure."

"Then ag'in, may be they'm spies goin' from Canada, to see what they can diskiver. Then too, you know, youngster, it might be jist as well to stop 'em and have a talk."

"Certainly."

"Between you and me, they's lots of both of these kinds of people goin' through these woods here, and they do a proper sight of mischief. Somehow, by nook or by crook, they will escape the settlements, and I've been sent up here a-patrolin' in order to stop 'em."

"What can you do alone, when you find them?"

"Why, you see," said the Patrol, glancing with a look of complacency at his stalwart figure, "that three or four common individuals, doesn't frighten me an atom. If there's more on 'em, or if so be I want to circumvint the fellers, I'm a close haul to Edward and the P'int, and git help and grab 'em before they're out of the woods."

"I see. Your vocation is useful."

"Useful! Waal, I think so. I've been a ranger ever since the war broke out. Ah! Reg Mervale and me, had some of the durndest times you ever did hear on, in the Mohawk country. I must tell you of that love scrape, some of these times!"

"A love scrape! Jacob?"

"Yes! a ra'al love scrape! Oh, it was the almightyest affair you ever hear tell on! If you ever git into a love scrape, call on me. I'm a ragin' earthquake on all love matters!"

"What if that should prove the secret of my desire to get to Canada?" said Henry, who felt willing to feel of his comrade's mind.

"Then we'll go!" said the Patrol, energetically. "I ha'n't had a ra'al matter on hand in a long time. I've been almost a notion to git in love myself."

"But I thought you were just now speaking of a love scrape you had in the Mohawk country?"

"Oh!" replied Jacob, elevating his eyebrows. "You don't understand me. I was in the scrape, true enough; in fact before it was through with, I contrived to *git scraped*, a little of the worstest!"

"Then you were not in love?" asked Henry, laughing.

"Me!" said Jacob, with an air of deep solemnity. "No, sir! I never was in love all my born days. I've been whipped. I've had the itch, and the bilious colic, but the Lord has most mercifully delivered me from being in love!"

"That is singular enough!" said Henry, with difficulty restraining a desire to laugh, but fearing to offend the Patrol, whose face was as solemn as its grotesque features would permit.

"I did once try to make myself a little mealy and tender toward a hatchet-faced old maid, and I even told her that I loved her, but the Lord knowed I lied, and so did I, myself. From what I've seen of it, it's an awful distemper!"

"If that is your opinion of it, why then do you so much delight in assisting in love affairs?"

"To relief the sufferin' of my fellow-men and women!" replied the Patrol. "Then they is a little sport with all the rest."

The darkness was at length settled upon the earth. Jacob had for some time been watching the appearance of the stars, and he jumped upon his feet, with an agility remarkable in a man of his heavy mold, and said:

"Now we'll see what our friends are up to! Reach out my gun, and shoulder yours."

Henry complied with these instructions. Shouldering their rifles, they marched to the top of the mountain, and ascertained that the strangers were in their camp and busied in preparing their supper.

"Now," said Jacob, "you keep on the hill here, where you can look into the camp. If I holler, you come down; but if I don't you stay where you are, until I return."

Jacob then disappeared in the bushes, as noiselessly as a serpent, and although Henry gazed at him a long time, and even threw himself flat upon the ground, in order to peer through the bush, he could not detect his form, nor hear the least sound of his footsteps.

Two hours, long and wearisome to Henry, passed away, and yet the Patrol did not return. The camp of the strangers had settled down to quiet, and the bright blaze of their fire enabled him to see every object about it, with the utmost distinctness. He could see that the men were sitting in the entrance of the huts, engaged in conversation.

By and by the Patrol returned. His approach was as noiseless as his departure, and he stood beside the young man, before he was aware of his presence.

"Come," said he, "let's return, youngster; I have discovered all I want. I'll report when we reach the hut."

They proceeded to their camp, without uttering another word, and as soon as they reached it the Patrol uncovered the embers, and a bright fire soon sent its cheerful rays around them.

"What did you learn?" asked Henry, as soon as they were seated; "and who are the strangers?"

"They are Tories," replied the Patrol. "They are on their way to Canada, but getting out of provisions were compelled to halt, and obtain a supply. They'll do no manner of harm, yet I should like to take a small turn about with them."

"Why so?"

"Bekase, I don't like the varmint. Hanged if they's the least sentiment of Christianity in a man, that'll support the enemies of his country in a time like this. It's onnatural, onginerous, and ought not to be permitted."

"They are too strong for us, I should think."

"Too strong!" cried Jacob, with an expression of contempt upon his face. "Too strong! I could slay 'em as Samson killed the heathen! A man can't fight, boy, unless he's got a good cause to stand up to! It's all a waste of time to try it."

"Would anything be gained by their defeat?"

"No, no. I shall not disturb 'em. To-morrow we will go to the Point. I want to see Arnold in person. After that, we shall try patrolling further north. Ah! boy, but I'll show you some fine sport, when we git up where the Tories grow like weeds in a barnyard."

"You must insist upon my accompanying you there, for perhaps Arnold may want me for some other service."

"No, he don't. You are mentioned in the dispatches that you brought, as my companion."

The humble lodging was now prepared, and the Patrol and his young friend lay down to seek repose. The plaintive sighing of the night breeze through the tops of the tall trees, the prattling of the little rill that trickled from the spring, and the mournful chirp of the dusky cricket, lulled the senses quickly to rest, and they soon forgot their cares, and their duties, in a heavy slumber.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CAPTURE.

MAJOR ROBINSON, like most of the wealthy and intelligent men of the days of which we are writing, possessed great pride and ambition. Knowing the immunities that the aristocracy enjoyed, and the distinctions and patronage that were bestowed upon them, he had long desired to be considered one of their number. His wealth was sufficient to warrant the aspiration, and he well knew that wealth could command influence.

Of his son Henry he had formed great expectations. He was excusable in this, for the young man was one that might well gladden the heart of a parent. His political faith was, therefore, a source of great concern to the major, and it really wrung his heart when he found that the youth favored the cause of the rebellious colonies. This feeling was greatly aggravated, when he learned that he had also conceived an affection for Clara Marion.

It was through the marriage of the son, that the old man intended to connect himself with the aristocracy. His own family connections in his native land were far from being mean, and he knew that scores of lords and baronets, whose incomes were greatly reduced by gambling and high living, would eagerly embrace opportunities of packing their daughters off upon some young man, who could support them in a splendid style, and buy in the family plate and pictures, in case matters should proceed to extremities with them. He had intended that the young man should visit England for this purpose, and the news of his attachment to Clara Marion, the daughter of a humble New England farmer, had dashed all his fine matrimonial expectations to the earth.

He regarded the poor girl as the individual who had destroyed all his hopes, for he did not, or would not believe that his son, if left to his own choice and guidance, was weak enough to unite his fortune to a cause, so madly conceived, and so thoughtlessly prosecuted as the cause of

the peoples' liberty. His natural good sense, and his education seemed to forbid the possibility of any such result.

After he was comfortably established in his cabin on board the fleet, himself and Carleton were seated at a table, partaking of some light refreshments, and talking over the events and incidents that had occurred during the bombardment of Shoreham, and the sacking of the Whig dwellings and barns, when the Governor remarked:

"I am satisfied that the severity exercised by St. Leger, was essential and just, and when I review the whole transaction, I find but one circumstance to condemn!"

"What may that be, pray? I hope that it is not of sufficient importance to materially dim the luster of the colonel's laurels."

"Probably the colonel is not exactly responsible for it," rejoined Carleton; "at least I hope not."

"Pray tell us what it is."

"I refer to the taking of the female captives."

"Are there females aboard?"

"Yes, near a dozen of them. What the deuce do we want of them? They can neither assist nor injure us, and I regard a war prosecuted against them, as a contemptible business, altogether beneath the dignity of a British army or a British officer."

"Perhaps, like the sacking of the Whig dwellings, it was a work of necessity?" suggested Robinson, apologetically.

"There was no necessity that could warrant an interference with the petticoats. Their forcible detention only brings distress upon them and their children, and more thoroughly exasperates their sons and husbands. There is one among the number on board, that bears her fate most piteously. I mean to liberate her as soon as we reach St. John's."

"What is her name?" asked Robinson, carelessly; "perhaps I know her, and can pacify her."

"Her name is Marion. Clara Marion. She is a most interesting girl, and I am indignant at the treatment she has received!"

"Clara Marion!"

"Exactly. Do you know anything of her?"

Major Robinson did not heed the question. His head dropped upon his bosom, and he was lost in reflection. Carleton saw his announcement contained matters of especial interest to his friend, and he quietly withdrew from the cabin, and ascended to the deck, in order that his presence might not disturb his reverie.

The Governor was correct in his conclusions. The announcement that Clara Marion was a prisoner on board the fleet, was a matter of deep interest to the major, and he saw at once that if he ever extracted his son from the meshes of the rebellion, ever restored him to his home and his long cherished plans, now was the time, now was the most fitting opportunity to attempt it.

Relying upon his interest with Carleton, he resolved to obtain the custody of the girl's person. Judging her to be young and inexperienced, and already terrified at the situation in which she was placed, he did not doubt being able to mold her to his purposes. If she were secured to his interest, if she were removed beyond the reach of his son, he did not doubt his ability to reclaim the young officer, and place him in the broad road for honor and preferment. He thought that fortune favored him.

How slight was the old man's knowledge of the human heart!

After he had resolved upon his line of conduct, he ascended to the deck and requested Carleton's presence in the cabin once more. The Governor readily complied with the solicitation, and when they were again seated at the table, the major opened his business.

"I have a favor to ask of you, Governor, and I hope I shall not meet with a refusal."

"Name it."

"I wish you to transfer the custody of this Clara Marion to me. I have a particular reason for asking it."

Carleton was surprised.

"Is it possible," he said, with mock solemnity, "that a man of your age can be susceptible of tender feelings?"

"No raillery, for God's sake! I am not smitten with the young woman, neither do I intend her any harm. I simply desire to do justice to myself and my son."

"Your son!"

"Yes. If you will listen I will tell you all."

"I will listen patiently."

"You already know of the bitter disappointment I have met with in the rash determination of my boy to fight against his sovereign?"

"Yes."

"He has been led by the cunning and art of this Clara Marion to suppose that he loves her, and it is entirely through her influence and her intrigues, with the assistance of her father, that my son has refused to obey me and honor the just demands of the king. I know that his passion is merely superficial, for the girl has nothing about her to captivate but her external beauty, which is considerable. If you hand her

over to my custody I will compel her to relinquish her pursuit of my child, and before the opening of the spring campaign bring him back to his duty to myself and the Government."

"By my honor, I did not take the weeping minx for the artful woman you have described her."

"She is more than I have told and more than I can tell. I would have given the one-half of my estate if her capture had been effected one month ago. Then I should have been spared the mortification that my son's conduct has caused me, and he would have been spared the disgrace that he has incurred through this woman's instrumentality. Her father is now with Arnold and has ever been the most desperate and devoted Whig in all the precincts of Shoreham."

"Then it appears that my argument in relation to woman-capture was groundless, for this woman's arrest will be of the greatest importance to you, and incidentally of some importance to the king."

"To be sure, if you grant my request."

"Oh! your request appears reasonable enough, and it shall even be as you require. I will henceforth regard her as your captive instead of my own."

"Thank you," replied Robinson, and Carleton could perceive that the major was really delighted.

"Of course you will not treat her harshly?" he replied.

"Certainly not. I will restrain her person until she does my bidding, that is all."

"To judge from her external appearance she will be most anxious to make peace with you on any terms you may offer."

"I have already decided upon the terms," replied the major. "She must at once renounce the pursuit of my son!"

"Well, I turn her over to you and hope you may be successful. Your object is a very worthy one."

"Where is she now?" asked the major.

"In a little cabin in the bows of the schooner. The most of the prisoners of her sex are upon deck, and I should not wonder if she was above at this moment."

"Then I will see her at once," said the major, and as Carleton ascended the deck he made his way toward the little cabin.

As Carleton had informed the major, Clara Marion was profoundly distressed at her situation. Separated from her father and lover, on board a hostile fleet bound to a strange land, and surrounded by a soldiery who had shown themselves capable of committing any excess, her situation afforded her but a very few glimpses of consolation. She wept almost incessantly and refused to receive the condolence that her comrades proffered her. She busied herself in picturing to her imagination the distress of her father and Henry when they should return to the mountain and find the little cottage destroyed and herself absent.

She was sitting in the cramped and confined cabin, plunged in this kind of grief, when she heard the footsteps of the major approaching. Her companions were all upon deck enjoying the fresh air and the fine prospect, and she was entirely alone. When the door opened she turned toward it, and with a cry of surprise she beheld the person of Major Robinson before her.

"Surely," she said, "he will intercede for my deliverance, and he can effect it."

She approached him, therefore, with extended hands, and with the hope that actuated her beaming from her features. The major had determined to be very cold and stern, but when he saw Clara, her great natural beauty lightened by the melancholy that afflicted her, and the open and confiding manner in which she approached him, he felt an awkward flutter about the heart, and before he recollected himself fully he extended his hand to meet the grasp of her own.

The major suddenly recollected himself and withdrew his hand, and at the same time threw himself into a chair. Clara did not perceive the look of sternness that he put on, and she also seated herself, not doubting but the major had heard of her misfortunes and had come to offer her his protection and assistance.

"It appears," said he, "that you are a prisoner, madam."

"I am," replied Clara.

"You can, therefore, judge what evils befall those who rebel against their lawful sovereign."

Clara well knew that the major was a Tory, and this assertion did not at all surprise her. She answered:

"I was not aware before that women were regarded by civilized nations as partisans to a war."

"Indeed! I do not see why they should not be, when it is clearly demonstrated that they are the originators of the mischief."

"You attribute the rebellion, then, to the influence of the women?"

"In a great measure I do."

"You have a great opinion of their power."

"Well may I have," said the major, looking sternly at his companion. "To my own great sorrow have I experienced it."

Clara did not take his meaning and she remained silent. Her expectations fell, however.

"I say that I have experienced the effects of woman's influence in this war to my sorrow, and I repeat it," continued the major. "I am also very sorry to add that the grief was brought upon me by your agency! I am very sorry to say it, indeed, for were it otherwise, I might greatly befriend you in this calamity."

"What have I done, sir?" cried Clara, her bright expectations 'vanishing into thin air.'

"Done!" repeated the major. "I should not think that you would need to be reminded of your conduct. Its occurrence is not of so distant a date that a person of ordinary memory could so soon forget it."

"I am unconscious of ever contemplating an injury to you," replied Clara proudly. "I never entertained any such desire, and even if I had, I have never had the means of carrying out my purposes. You will be compelled to be more particular if you bring me to understand your meaning. You speak in riddles; and they are beyond my comprehension altogether."

"Do you deny being a Whig?"

"I do not."

"And a warm one, too?"

"I confess that I am deeply interested in the success of the colonists. All of my sympathies are with them."

"That's very frank. I hope you will continue to answer me as truthfully. It will be to your advantage."

"Go on," said Clara.

"Do you love my son?"

The poor girl was not prepared for this blunt and indelicate interrogatory. She blushed painfully and the tears suffused her eyes.

"Will you answer?"

"I do not deny it!" replied Clara faintly.

The major bit his lip. This frankness almost disarmed him. He proceeded, however:

"And, of course, it is through your persuasions and your influence that he has been induced to desert his father in his old age, and unite himself with this band of desperadoes who have set themselves up in opposition to the legal authorities?"

Clara was aroused at this insulting insinuation. She raised her head and returning the stare of the major with a look of scorn that lit up her beauty admirably, she replied:

"Your insinuation is false, sir. Your son was always a Whig, before he became acquainted with me, if his own words are to be relied on. He has never needed persuasion from me to join the colonial forces, and his mind is not one to be swayed by anything save his convictions of right and duty!"

"Upon my honor, you are quite eloquent," replied the major, disconcerted by this prompt denial of his insinuation.

"The truth is always eloquent," replied Clara. "All the credit I ask, is the credit of having told it."

"How am I to know that?"

"Do you doubt me?" asked Clara, darting a look of fire at the old man. "Did I ever tell you a lie?"

"At least, madam," said the major, anxious to get out of the position he had so thoughtlessly assumed, "you cannot deny that you have encouraged him in his perverse determination!"

"I tell you that he never needed encouragement from me. It is the result of his own convictions, and the exercise of his own free will. I will not say that I was not rejoiced at his decision, for I was. I am still rejoiced at it."

"No doubt of that!" thundered the major. "You think he has been weak enough to be duped by your artifices and that you will secure him to yourself by estranging him from his father, and disgracing him in the eyes of the world?"

"*Me estrange him from his father!*" repeated Clara, imitating the emphasis of the Tory. "This is another falsehood. When he offered to compromise with you and remain at home, a neutral so far as his conduct went, I applauded his determination. You were not contented with that offer, but determined that he should accept of a king's commission and fight against the cause he loved. When he refused that, you drove him from your house and now attribute his desertion to me! I should be ashamed of such unmanly subterfuge!"

This was hitting the major in his weak spot. He knew that he had been instrumental in forcing Henry to join the rebel army, and he was at a loss how to reply to the captive, who had more spirit than he had anticipated. He determined to change the subject.

"We will let all this pass for the present. You know that you contemplate becoming Henry's wife. Such an ambition is criminal in you. You know that there is a wide difference in your circumstances and in the positions that you occupy in the world. This difference is so great that it forms an insuperable barrier to your union. Even if my son has been weak enough to contract a passion for you, your good sense should have led you at once to decline his addresses. You have not done so; and I am convinced that you have used all your arts to retain his affections and entangle him in an alliance with you!"

Clara was mortified at this ungenerous and

ungentlemanly attack upon her conduct and her motives. Her heart was too full to admit of her attempting a reply. The major proceeded:

"I see you are convinced of the truth of my remarks, and I am glad of it. It shows that you are not yet lost to all sense of decency and propriety. Now listen to me. On certain conditions I will secure your freedom and protection."

"Indeed!"

"I will, most certainly."

"I will hear your conditions."

"You must renounce, solemnly, all pretensions to the hand of my son. You must not only announce it to me but to him. This you can do by letter, and I will see that it is forwarded to him. You must join with me in exhorting him to leave the rebel army and return to his duty to me and his king! You must also consent to be removed by me to some place where he cannot obtain an interview with you for the space of a year. That will be time enough to cure him of his passion!"

"Is this all?"

"Yes. It is no great requirement either. On these conditions you shall be restored to freedom."

Clara knew not how to reply to the base proposition. Her indignation was aroused to the highest pitch, but she could not forget that the person before her was the father of her lover.

"What do you say?"

"That I am surprised at your baseness," replied Clara, in as mild a tone as she could command.

"What do you say?" he asked fiercely.

"That I am surprised at the baseness of your proposition."

"How base, ma'am?"

"Do you require that I should tell you?"

"To be sure I do."

"Base in counseling your son to acts of dishonor! Base in breaking to him my plighted vow! Base in promising compliance with terms that I utterly detest!"

"Confound it, madam! Do you mean to insinuate that you are betrothed to my son?"

"I do."

"Do you refuse my terms?"

"I do."

"Furies! You shall repent in sackcloth and ashes. You need never expect that my son shall be degraded by an alliance with you, for rather than witness the cursed consummation, I would myself plunge a knife into his heart!"

"And become a murderer?"

"Ay, become everything detestable. There will be no need of that, however, for I can turn you over to the tender mercies of the soldiery, and you will soon become an object of scorn, rather than an object of love. You had better close with my offer."

Clara was shocked at the violence of the old man's rage, but she maintained her calmness. She replied:

"I do not heed your threats, sir, for I am not in your power. I am a prisoner to Governor Carleton, and I am sure that he is too much of a gentleman to lend himself to your purposes."

"Don't flatter yourself, madam! You are not Carleton's prisoner, but my own, as you shall be convinced!"

"Admit it," replied Clara. "Even you are not base enough to put your horrid threat into execution. A moment's cool reflection will put all such resolutions out of your head."

"Don't talk to me of reflection! I have reflected. I have also come to the conclusion that I am justified in any conduct that becomes necessary for the preservation of my child."

"How would such conduct preserve him?"

"I would remove the jack-o'-lantern that is leading him into ruin and dishonor."

"I repeat again, that I have never sought to influence your son. He is, this day, free to act as he pleases."

"Free to act!" cried the major. "Do you mean to mock me? Did you not tell me, just now, that you were betrothed?"

"To be sure."

"Is he free, then?"

"If he chooses to alter his determination I will interpose no objection. Not one."

"Then renounce him. Tell him that you cannot and will not wed him, and you are free!"

"That I will never do!"

"Will not?"

"Not to save my life!"

"Your stubbornness shall be put to the test."

"Let me assure you," replied Clara, meekly, but firmly, "that your threats do not terrify me in the least. I am perfectly unconscious of having committed a wrong, and am not afraid of any consequences that my conduct may bring upon me. The innocent have nothing to fear."

"We shall see if this spirit of bravado does not desert you in the hour of trial. I shall not fail in my word."

"Perhaps not. I have heard of men who were inexpressibly prompt and relentless when warring with women and other helpless enemies. Their great souls appear to rise with the occasion."

"Spare your taunts, madam! I am determined that they shall not avail you anything."

"I did not expect they would. A man base enough to plan the revenge you contemplate could scarcely be affected by the tears and prayers of a weak and helpless woman; much less, her taunts could move you! You may learn, however, that I am not without an avenger!"

The poor girl referred to her father. Alas! she did not know that he was sleeping the rest of the dead!

"I'll hear no more of your insults or your vauntings," said the major. "I'll leave you to a little of the cool reflection that you recommended to me a short time ago. If you consent to comply with my requisitions before we arrive at St. John's, you shall be free; if you do not, you are already informed what the effect will be."

The major left the cabin with an air intended to display great dignity and firmness, and Clara was left alone. Her firmness forsook her and she relieved her distressed mind by a copious flow of tears.

When she had first seen the major she had fondly thought that her trials and sorrows were at an end. Now she had learned that they had just begun and she knew not where they would terminate.

Her grief was interrupted by the entrance of several of her comrades, and feeling that their good-hearted attempts at consolation but added to her sorrow, she retired to her wretched bed to cry in secret and to muse upon the sudden reverse of fortune that had brought her to her present situation.

The major sought the deck highly incensed at the conduct of the prisoner. Carleton immediately accosted him and asked the success he had obtained with the girl.

"None at all," he replied. "She's as obstinate as a mule!"

"Is it possible?"

"Possible, sir? If you could have witnessed the interview you would have taken me for the prisoner and her for the conqueror!"

"Time will cool her ardor, my dear fellow. That never fails. She has not been a prisoner long enough yet to get a good taste of its perplexities and inconveniences."

"I shall soften her. I do not fear for that, yet I had rather it could be done easily and coolly."

"An absolute disturbance with a female is not pleasant," replied Carleton, "yet they will occur sometimes in spite of the best management."

"I have given her a short time for reflection; until we arrive at St. John's. Then if she does not comply with my reasonable requests I shall resort to other means than persuasion. It is my duty to save my son at all hazards, and I have told her so."

CHAPTER IX. THE FUGITIVES.

AFTER the departure of Henry Robinson some two days, some sixty or seventy fugitives arrived from Shoreham. Being entirely destitute of boats, and without the means of building any, they had been compelled to journey to Crown Point on foot and through the forest. As may be expected, they were burning with a desire for vengeance on their enemies, and even before they had rested from the fatigue of a journey as laborious as can well be thought of, they sought an audience of Arnold.

These men were under the command of a shrewd and hardy farmer named Newman, whose all had been destroyed in the Shoreham outrage, and he solicited of the commander-in-chief, in behalf of his friends, the conference. Arnold accordingly appointed an hour when he would receive them, and hear the suggestions they saw fit to offer.

The convention was held in a log building adjoining the parade ground. Arnold and some of his principal officers were seated at a rough, temporary table, and the distressed partisans were ranged around in regular order.

The details of the Shoreham battle were forcibly and succinctly related by Newman, who, on the part of his comrades, desired to be reinforced, and then led against St. John's, as a matter of revenge; and also to show to the Canadian Governor that such outrages and uncivilized forays should be returned upon his own friends, according to the rule of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

He stated the unprepared and helpless state of the place since the Americans had abandoned it, and urged the time as a propitious one for the undertaking. The fort was destroyed and dismantled, the magazine and arms were removed for the benefit of the fleet, and a sudden and well-directed blow could not fail of accomplishing what they desired. A retreat might also be made in good order, and their old quarters reached, before the time should arrive to prepare for the long, cheerless winter of the northern regions in which they were situated.

Arnold listened patiently to the details of the sanguine Whig. He did not regard them coldly either, for there was something in the attempt, with his weakened and disheartened forces, that exactly suited his ardent and romantic genius. He had, however, learned by the disasters of the

past that caution must not be entirely neglected, and he therefore answered them in the following manner:

"I have long thought of the very plan that you are now urging, and deem it to be a feasible one, but not at the present time. My reasons for a trifling delay are these. The fleet of the enemy are probably at St. John's at this moment. I have information, upon which I can rely, that they (the vessels) will soon be dismantled, and laid up until the ensuing spring. Carleton will go immediately into winter-quarters, for I know he has planned a powerful expedition in the spring, to march from Canada to the tide waters of the Hudson, sweeping all opposition before him. He must have time to prepare for this, and his wearied partisans must have repose. A trusty scout in my employ, and accompanied by one of your townsmen, who has suffered by their pillaging excursions to as great an extent as any one of you, will accompany him; and the moment the fleet is permanently moored, and the troops have departed for Montreal or Quebec, I shall be informed of it, and then will be our time to march. In the mean time, we can be preparing for the winter, as if no further expeditions were in contemplation. This seems to me to be the better plan."

Even the irritated and smarting partisans were satisfied with this plan, and they retired to the duties of the camp, being determined to remain and accompany the expedition. Arnold retired to complete his arrangements for making an exchange of prisoners with his adversary, a duty that had principally engrossed his attention since the departure of Henry Robinson.

These arrangements were soon completed, and not doubting the willingness of Carleton to arrange upon a subject of such common occurrence between hostile generals and commanders, he dispatched a flag of truce on board a small single-masted boat that had been rigged for the occasion, to arrange the cartel more particularly. This messenger received particular instructions with regard to Clara Marion, and was ordered to procure her discharge and bring her to the camp at Crown Point, let the Governor's terms be what they might. Arnold also gave orders that the business should be accomplished as speedily as possible, for he had promised Henry the freedom of his mistress so soon as he should return from his visit to the Patrol of the Mountain.

The young man, however, was destined to return before Arnold had anticipated.

We left him sleeping in the wilderness beside his singular comrade, Jacob Dash, and to them we return.

Jacob was the first to arouse from his slumbers. He gazed for a few moments at the sleeping youth as if intending to awaken him, but a moment's reflection seemed to alter his determination, for he cautiously took up his rifle and straightened his long form in the open air.

The day had just dawned. The forest was yet dusky with the darkness of the night, but the tops of the trees could be seen with a good deal of distinctness; and Jacob, after yawning and stretching his huge limbs two or three times, glanced once more at the sleeping youth, and, shouldering his rifle, walked up the mountain toward the place where he had first met Henry Robinson. He took his seat upon a fallen log, and then glanced down in the valley toward the encampment of the strangers.

A thick, heavy mist was rising from the bosom of the river, and it had already involved every object in its impenetrable folds that was not as high as the tree-tops. Jacob knew, however, that the first rays of the sun would drive it away, and he accordingly awaited that event with his customary patience. He had not been absent from his hut half an hour before he was joined by his young friend.

"Waal," said the Patrol, as his young friend joined him, "I see you was sleepin' most splendidly, and I thought it would be a sin to wake you, and so I marched up here to see our friends."

"You will hardly be gratified unless you venture down into the valley," replied Henry.

"The fog is some thick, I see, but a few moments' sunshine does the business for the mist ollers."

"It is near sunrise now. The sky looks red in the east."

"Yes," said the Patrol, leisurely; "I calculate the old hay-maker will be up here shortly."

"Who is the hay-maker?" asked Henry, innocently.

"Waal," replied Jacob, as a smile caused a display of his powerful rows of teeth, "the philosophers call him the sun!"

"Oh!" said Henry. "It is the first time I have heard that cant phrase used. I did not understand you."

"They's no cant about it," said the Patrol, doggedly. "I guess it's about as near the thing as the dictionaries generally come."

"I shall not dispute you there; still, it is not a general term, that is understood by all classes of people."

"Let me tell you one thing, youngster. They's a deuced sight of common sense in the world, that ain't understood by all classes of people, and a great deal that ain't scarcely understood

by any one. Didn't that idee never strike you, eh?"

"To be—"

The young man's reply was drowned by a scream that arose from the valley, and echoed wildly among the hills. The Patrol sprang to his feet, and exclaimed:

"What the deuce can that be! Didn't it come from the camp in the valley?"

"I thought it did."

"It was a woman too," pursued the Patrol. "I defy the cunningest red-skin that ever yelled a battle-cry, to cheat me in that. I tell you it was a woman!"

"Let us listen, perhaps it will be repeated."

"No fear for that! if a woman gits in a notion for squealin' the devil could not stop her at once!"

The prediction of the Patrol was soon verified, for another piercing scream resounded through the hills.

"I told you so!" said Jacob. "What in the de'il's name the mischief can be, is more than I can tell."

"The Tories are evidently doing some mischief to the woman. We had better go down and see."

"Keep cool. I tell you that it arn't the safest kind of business, to scrimmage when the fog's as thick as a nigger's wool. A man gits himself plugged before he knows it!"

"Surely we will not let them perpetrate an outrage of any kind in our vicinity. That would not be right."

"In course not. Let's slip down the hill, the way I went down last night. It arn't safe to go trailing down upon 'em, as if we was an army of fifty thousand."

"Just as you say."

"Waal, look well to your priming!"

And Jacob set the example, by turning down the pan of his rifle, and pouring in fresh priming.

"All ready?"

"Ay!" responded Henry.

"Then follow me, and remember to hold your fire, if we come to blows, until it can do some good."

"I'll be cautious!"

The scream was repeated again and again. It was not so much a scream of physical agony, as of fear. The Patrol hurried down the side of the mountain, followed closely by Henry.

In the fog, that completely shrouded everything, they gained the rear of the little camp unobserved. Jacob threw himself flat upon the ground, behind a hut, and Henry followed his example.

"Tie her; confound her, tie her!" cried one of the Tories.

"Help me, then; she's as strong as a panther!"

"Can't control a girl of her size!" said the first speaker in a tone of contempt. "You are brave."

To judge by the trampling, for it was utterly impossible to see anything, the first speaker hurried to the assistance of his comrade. Something of a scuffle ensued, during which the screams of the woman were frequent.

Jacob crawled up to the place occupied by Henry, and whispering in his ear, he said:

"Youngster! I'm blest if it's in the nature of a white man to stand this. I'm a-goin' to make a rush for the woman's help. Of course you've got the pluck to follow?"

"I'm with you!" replied the young man, grasping his rifle more firmly, and partly rising upon his feet.

"Wait till I give the whoop! It'll raise their feathers, if nothing else. May be we can make 'em think, seeing as the fog is so thick, that we've got an army to back us!"

The Patrol placed his hands to his mouth in a peculiar manner, and forthwith he uttered one of the wildest and most terrific yells that Henry ever remembered to have heard. No sooner had its doleful echoes ceased to vibrate among the hills, than he uttered another, and rising to his feet, he cocked his rifle, and rushed into the encampment, tearing down one of the frail huts, in his headlong progress.

"Seize on 'em! Seize on 'em, and lash down every one of the darned rascals. Spare none!"

And then the capacious throat of the Patrol uttered the appalling war-cry, with which he had rushed to the encounter.

"The Patrol of the Mountain! The Patrol of the Mountain!" shouted a voice that Henry judged to belong to one of the assailed party.

Then followed a confused trampling, and through the mist, which was evidently rising slowly, Henry detected the moving of several forms, whose proportions were magnified to the dimensions of giants, by the medium through which he viewed them.

The Patrol was foremost. He strode round the little circle defined by the huts, and busied himself with yelling most awfully, and in giving orders to a body of men, who existed only in his imagination. The stratagem proved entirely effective, for the strangers, supposing themselves to be attacked by a body of men,

their superiors in numbers, and intimately acquainted with the fastnesses of the surrounding country, fled in the utmost confusion, up the sides of the mountain that Jacob had descended, to the assault.

All the furniture of their camp, even several of their guns and equipments, were left, in their haste, and the female, whose screams had brought the assistance of the Patrol at so happy a time.

"Forward here! leftenant!" shouted Jacob, as imperious as a militia commander on training-day.

Henry heard the order, and naturally supposing that his presence was required by the Patrol, he hastened toward him.

"The fact is," said Jacob, whispering in his ear; "the fog will soon leave us, and then our game is up! Seize all of the guns and all of the ammunition you can find in the huts, and hasten to the shore of the river. We'll take a boat, and get out of their reach before they recover from their confusion. For my part, I'll take the gal."

"You have found the female, then?"

"Sartinly! She's as pretty a red-skin as ever blossomed in the wilderness. She's partly tied to a post of one of the huts out here. Look sharp for the guns, I'll tend to the gal."

The Patrol departed toward the hut, at which the female was secured, and Henry commenced searching the encampment for the arms that its late occupants had left. These he soon collected, and staggering under his burden to the river, he found that Jacob had arrived before him, and had prepared a boat for their use.

"Throw 'em into the bottom of the boat," ordered the Patrol, "and then git in yourself. Sit down beside the gal. I'll row the boat myself. I calculate that I'm something of a navigator!"

Henry complied, and had hardly taken his seat, before the boat moved swiftly down the stream, impelled by the sinewy arm of the Patrol. They proceeded for nearly half a mile, when they suddenly stopped in the stream, and Jacob said:

"Roll up your eye, leftenant, and tell me if you can see above the fog. I can't."

"I can distinguish some objects on the top of the mountain."

"On which side of the river?"

"On our side."

"Can you see anything of a tall cedar, without leaves on its limbs, that leans strongly to the east?"

"Yes; we are just opposite it."

"All right."

The skiff then veered directly to the shore. The moment its keel grated on the banks Jacob leaped out.

"Do we leave the boat here?" asked Henry.

"I calculate not," answered Jacob. "I've only landed to visit our own hut again, for between you and me, they's some dockyments there that I don't leave to every marauding snoop that roves through the woods. I sha'n't be gone a great while; you hold the boat here."

Henry took the oars, and Jacob began the ascent of the mountain. In a moment his form was lost to view, and the young man turned to look at the female so singularly thrown into his society.

She was, as the Patrol had remarked, a fine-looking Indian girl, some nineteen or twenty years old. Her hair and dress were greatly disordered, and she bore about her the marks of much physical suffering. She was clad after the manner of the natives, but to what tribe she belonged Henry was not sufficiently schooled in the art of translating Indian signs and trinkets to tell. He addressed her in English, in order, if possible, to find out the cause of her maltreatment by the Tories, but she shook her head mournfully, as much as to say, "I cannot understand you."

It was evident that she knew she had fallen into the hands of friends, for she appeared contented with her situation; and whenever Henry gazed into her face her lips parted in a smile, yet it must be confessed that it had a melancholy expression.

Notwithstanding Jacob's promise of haste, nearly an hour elapsed before he made his appearance. He came floundering down the hill-side, loaded to his utmost capacity, and took the seat in the boat that he had formerly occupied with the air of a man greatly fatigued.

He seized the oars at once, and again the boat gained the center of the river, and then moved down the stream.

"Did you hear anything of the Tories?" asked Henry.

"No. They're hid close to the old encampment. The fact is, they can't go far till the fog is up."

"I've been thinking that they would take the other boat and follow us!"

"Waal," said the Patrol, glancing his eye upward, "p'raps they will, but they'll probably spend some time in mendin' it."

"Is it broken?"

"I've an idea that I put my foot through the bottom, and any one knows that it wouldn't make a hole of any ord'nary size, I reckon!"

"Of course. That will prevent their flight by water."

"I rather expect that I got hold of the wrong end of the story, the night I spooked around their camp," said Jacob. "I found a pack of papers that may explain their movements. When we halt for breakfast, which I calculate will be before a great while, we'll just look into 'em. P'raps they're important."

"I was trying, during your absence, to converse with our companion, but she evidently does not understand our language."

"Of course not. She's an out-and-out red-skin."

"Can you tell her tribe by her ornaments?"

"Sartin. They ain't that tribe in this part of the land that I can't tell," replied the Patrol.

"Then you will inform me where she belongs?"

"She's of the St. Francis tribe, and she's come from Canada. That makes me think now that them Tories is going down to the Colonies instead of up to Canada."

"And they have stolen the girl?"

"Yes. Else she's been down here with some of her tribe on a fishing excursion, and she's strayed from 'em and the Tories have taken her. I'll endeavor to converse with her when I have leisure."

"Do you understand her language?"

"I can't say as I do. They's a language, however, that every wilderness man and woman can talk."

"The language of signs?"

"Yes."

The boat was propelled swiftly down the stream, the fog in the mean time gradually disappearing. At last Jacob declared he could go no further without food, and the boat was again drawn to the shore, and they landed.

"I expect we have first to hunt up a breakfast, before we can eat one," Henry suggested.

"I calculate not," returned Jacob. "I'm never at a loss for a little provender, so long as I've the old sack with me. You start a fire, and I'll find the materials for eatin'."

Henry accordingly started a fire, and Jacob produced his bread and venison. The latter was soon broiling over the coals, and Jacob sat by, eagerly snuffing up the delicious fragrance with which it filled the air. The poor Indian maid regarded these unmistakable preparations with evident delight, which did not escape the quick eye of the Patrol.

"They's no doubt," said he, "but them infernal heathen has half-starved the poor critter. I'll put some more slices on the coals, for I'm hanged if her appearance don't increase my appetite."

Jacob accordingly cut more of the venison, and placed it over the fire. He then took the canteens and ascended the mountain in quest of a supply of fresh water, and having found it, returned.

Then the business of eating commenced. Jacob Dash excelled in this department, as he did in everything else that pertained to woodcraft, and ate voraciously. The exercise of the morning, in the cool, bracing air of October, had whetted his appetite to a remarkably keen edge, and he did most ample justice to his own culinary skill.

The poor Indian girl also appeared to have been nearly famished. Jacob kept the bark-plate that contained her provisions constantly filled, and by unmistakable signs urged her to eat. She was not loth to comply with the invitation, and the bread and venison disappeared as if by magic.

"If the girl has been famishing of late, as really seems to be the case," said Henry, "this indulgence in substantial food may work her great mischief."

"Haw! haw! haw!" shouted Jacob, in a sort of suffocated laughter, his cheeks distended to their utmost capacity, and his jaws moving up and down without cessation. "I'll tell you what it is, youngster"—and here, with a spasmodic effort, he cleared his mouth by swallowing its contents—"when you've seen as much of the Indians as I have, you'll know better about 'em than you do now. An Indian never abuses himself, 'cepting when he gits to rum; then he's a perfect devil, and will drink till he dies. I'd as leave turn an Indian that was starved to the last inch into a hull room full of victuals, as not; devil a bit would he hurt himself."

"Then their self-government is superior to the white man's?"

"Sartinly. As much superior as sunlight is to this cursed fog we've been in all this mornin'."

After the patrol had finished his breakfast, he again ascended the mountain to determine on the course he should pursue, for he had determined to visit Arnold's camp at once. He left Henry beside their little fire, perusing the packet of papers that he had found in the Troy hut, while the Indian girl wrapping herself in her blanket, lay down in the bottom of the boat to sleep, of which enjoyment she apparently stood in as much need as she had of food.

Seating himself upon a rock that commanded

a view of the chain of mountains that skirted both sides of the river, Jacob attentively surveyed the country before him, for some time. The fog had disappeared, and the woods had never seemed more beautiful. The sun was pouring in his bright and unobstructed rays, and every leaf, every flower-stem, and every blade of grass, seemed to be sparkling with jewels of the greatest value. After the Patrol had carefully viewed the scene, he drew from his pocket a piece of soiled paper filled with rude and tortuous marks, and a pocket-compass, by the aid of which he began to search a route that would lead him expeditiously and without obstacles to Crown Point.

Completing his examination to his entire satisfaction, he replaced his implements, and descended the hill. When he approached the fire, he observed that Henry had perused the papers which were laying upon the ground beside him, while the face of the youth was covered by his hands, as if he was in a profound meditation.

"Wake up! youngster," shouted Jacob, with an emphasis that caused Henry to start. "Have you read the dockyments?"

"Yes."

"Waal, spos'en we hear the dittails?"

"You were wrong in supposing that the Tories were going to Canada; they were going below."

"I thought so after I see the Indian gal. Can you make out their biz'ness below?"

"Easy enough. They were going to provide quarters for some prisoners!"

"What in the name of reason do you mean by that?"

"Why, I mean that they were sent on by Carleton to Albany, in order to provide quarters for some prisoners, whom it is desirable to keep out of the way for some time, and perhaps forever."

"The deuce!"

"And among the rest, is one that I hold very dear," pursued the youth in a melancholy tone; "and whose captivity caused all of my desire to visit Canada."

"But are these prisoners of any especial importance, that the old rip of a Governor sets sich a valy on 'em?"

"He appears to think so. When I left the Point, Arnold was about to open negotiations for an exchange. It appears by this, that he will fail in the attempt."

"Stop, stop!" cried Jacob. "Don't look so melancholy. We've now found out the old devil's plans, and we will make an exchange without payin' the boot."

"How is that to be accomplished?"

"Why, we must watch him, and when he sends the prisoners off, we'll lay in wait for 'em, and introduce ourselves as their friends and relations. It would be awkward enough if they would deny us the privilege of speakin' to 'em."

"But the capture of these papers may disconcert his plans, and they may be otherwise disposed of."

"No, sir! If these Tories were going to Albany, they will go there. They know by this time that the woods are clear of enemies, and they will make the best of their way on their journey. They arn't sich cursed fools as to go back to Carleton and tell him that they were scared out by the Patrol of the Mountain, and lost their papers! Not they. They'll go on, for it's as safe goin' forrards as back'ards!"

"Perhaps they will."

"There is no such thing as perhaps about the matter. All that puzzles me, is to think what the devils has been doing in the woods here so long. They've neglected their biz'ness anyway."

"Their delay might have been coupled with this Indian girl. I'd give a small sum if I could converse with her."

"If so be she goes to the P'int with us, we can get some one there to talk with her, and then we can find out all."

"She will, of course, go with us. We cannot think of leaving her in the wilderness."

"No, not without we meet some of her people. If we do not, she will go with us."

"Are her people friendly to us?"

"As much so as anything. There are a great many French half-breeds among them, and the French are for us as much as they can be. The tribe is small, at the best."

"When do we march?" asked Henry.

"As soon as the Indian girl has finished her sleep. We shall leave the river and I shall take the nearest land route. Let the poor thing rest while she can, for the journey is fatiguing."

Jacob seated himself under the shadow of a tree, and contented himself with smoking, while Henry gave himself up to gloomy reflections. We need not say that his fears were for poor Clara Marion, who was a prisoner in the camp of the enemy.

CHAPTER X.

ST. JOHN'S.

DURING the remainder of the voyage to St. John's, Clara Marion saw nothing of Major Robinson, except it might be an occasional glimpse of his person as he promenaded the deck. She saw that grief, while it impaired

her health and her energies, did not in the least mitigate the torments of her captivity, and she had ceased to shed tears, although her heart would be sad and misgiving in spite of her exertions.

It was at the close of a beautiful day that the victorious fleet came in sight of St. John's. The lake was as placid as the surface of a mirror, for there was scarcely wind enough to fill the lightest sails. The gay streamers with which the riggings of the vessels were decked, in honor of their victories, hung listlessly down, as if the success was rather a matter of weeping than a matter of rejoicing.

Minute-guns were fired from the Queen Charlotte, from the moment that the pinnacles of the little town were discovered. An old gun was temporarily mounted by the inhabitants, and at irregular intervals it replied to the salute. A few poles were also hoisted, bearing banners and festoons of flowers, and Carleton, who stood upon the deck of his schooner, was evidently flattered by these tokens of public joy.

Quite a crowd was assembled at the docks when the vessels reached them. There was some cheering, and much boisterous merriment, when the success of the expedition was formally detailed; and when the Governor went on shore, there was great swinging of hats and buzzing for the king and parliament. Major Robinson accompanied the Governor, and thanked his good fortune more than once, that he reached a country where the people were permitted the use of their reason, and were not astray after false gods.

A public entertainment was hastily prepared in honor of the occasion, and the officers of the squadron invited to partake. The poor prisoners were left to their cramped and confined berths, and to the bitter fancies begot by their cheerless and unfriendly situations.

Early in the morning after these demonstrations of public joy, Carleton and the major were seated at their breakfast, when the subject of the prisoners on board of the fleet came up for discussion.

"If I understand you aright," said the major, "you intend to dismantle the fleet here, preparatory to winter."

"That is my intention."

"And the prisoners will, of course, be removed?"

"To be sure."

"Then I must prepare a place for the reception of my maid. I intend to see her again shortly, and I hope to find that her confinement has sobered her temper."

"I have no doubt but you will find it so. Indeed, I never knew it to fail in all my experience."

"If, on the contrary, I find that she is obstinately bent on following up my son, and strengthening the bonds that hold him to the rebel cause, she must expect my vengeance!"

"And will most assuredly deserve it."

"Where shall you remove the prisoners?"

"A short distance from the dock is an old stone building, formerly designed for a nunnery. It is capacious and strong. Workmen are now employed in repairing the doors and windows, and when the place becomes tenable, I intend to remove them there."

"You will, then, be obliged to keep a guard upon them."

"A light one, perhaps. Persons of their description seldom attempt an escape. If they were soldiers the case would be different."

"I will deal with my woman according to promise. I will give her another interview before I consign her to any prison. Is it your intention to remove the prisoners to your winter-quarters?"

"Probably an exchange may be effected before a long time. I hope so at least. Then I shall be relieved of them."

"The deuce! Did you merely capture these fellows for the purpose of sending them back home again?"

"I get an equal number of my own friends in exchange for them, and that is an advantage."

"Well, of course you will regulate your war to suit yourself, but I would as soon think of turning loose a hornets' nest in the middle of my parlor, as to turn these Whigs loose."

"Why so?"

"Because they are the most vindictive partisans in the world. They will assuredly retaliate upon you!"

"That we must risk. They come within the articles of war, and it is rutable to exchange them."

"Does his majesty's Government treat these rebels as honorable enemies, entitled to honorable treatment?"

"The opinion of the world, which no nation can resist, compels us to. If it were not so, they would be treated as public malefactors, and hung upon the first tree that offered."

"And that would be the proper treatment. Kindness to them is a jewel given away."

"We must obey the dictation of the world. France has already evinced her sympathy for the villains, and we must not drive other nations to follow her in policy."

"I should feel mortified to think that our

native land, Governor, was not a match for France, and her especial friends, the colonies. It is my opinion that war should at once be declared against the former power. She has no right to meddle with our affairs."

"I admire your spirit, major, but I am compelled to condemn your policy. I think as highly as you do of our military power and skill; but believe me, I am satisfied that we shall not conquer these colonies, without one of the most desperate struggles that the world ever witnessed. They are bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh."

"Oh, pshaw! You estimate them too highly."

"Not an atom. If you live, mark my prediction."

Here the argument closed, and the companions separated. Carleton retired to his cabinet to transact some official business, and the major wandered about the streets, in order to view the city, and to while away the time, that hung heavily upon his hands.

At noon, when they met for dinner, Carleton informed him that the old nunnery was finished, and that the prisoners would be removed that afternoon. The major hurried through his meal, and ordered a soldier to bring Clara Marion to his presence, as soon as the removal commenced.

To compose his mind for the interview, he sought his own apartment. He marked out the conduct that he intended to pursue, and in his anxiety to preserve his son, and to carry out his long-cherished designs, he resolved to hesitate at no plan that promised him the least possible chance of success. He could not help his belief that Clara was the sole cause of his son's ungenerous conduct.

It was near the middle of the afternoon when a servant announced the arrival of the soldier with the prisoner. The major ordered her up to his room at once, and when she entered, he dismissed the soldier, after bestowing upon him a handsome fee for his services.

Clara looked very pale and dejected, yet for all there was a firmness about her eye, and the fine-turned corners of her mouth, that augured ill for the major's success. She cast upon him a most imploring look, as he pointed her to a seat, and her eyes were slightly suffused with a tear. The major looked as stern as he could, but in spite of his determination, there was something in the appearance of the beautiful and distressed girl that troubled him. When he remembered her love for his son, he could not help wishing that his unpleasant errand was accomplished.

A long and awkward pause occurred after her arrival at the major's apartment. She did not intend or desire to open the interview, and the old man knew not how to begin. His position was very uneasy; he wiped the glasses of his spectacles nervously, then he had recourse to his snuff-box, then he must change his seat again, and so on, until his courage required the most ardent spurring to keep it from being entirely extinguished.

At length the major was compelled to speak. He averted his gaze from the burning eye of the beautiful girl, and said, though his voice was tremulous with emotion:

"In obedience to my promise, madam, made to you on board the vessel that brought us here, I have granted you this interview. I want to have you remember that it is our last."

Clara did not reply. She could not.

"You of course will remember," pursued the major, "that I made several propositions to you."

"I do," said Clara.

"You remember also that you refused to accede to them."

"I do."

"I hope that time and reflection have altered your views of things. Is my hope well grounded?"

"I do not know what you refer to."

"Surely you cannot have forgotten them so soon. I allude to certain promises I asked of you about my son."

"You asked me to resign my claim to his hand."

"Just so."

"Did I refuse to relinquish it?"

"To be sure."

"I did not. I repeat now what I then said—I am willing this moment to relinquish his hand if he desires it."

"But, madam, I desire it."

"I cannot break a solemn vow, and I shall not. If he desires the past to be forgotten, if he desires to be free from his engagement, then I will obey him; but, until I am informed by him that such is his desire, I shall abide the issue of events."

"Woman!" said the major, solemnly, "remember your situation. You are in a strange land and in the power of your enemies. You are emphatically beyond the reach of your friends. Be they ever so powerful, they cannot assist you. A word from me, a single word, turns you over to certain destruction. Would not that relinquish a foolish young man from a foolish vow?"

"But why, sir, do you seek my destruction? What have I done to merit your hatred?"

"Have you not confessed to me that you loved my son?"

"Is that a crime?"

"Have you not said that you were his betrothed?"

"Is that a wrong?"

"Yes!" replied the old man, in vain trying to keep down his anger. "I told you in a former interview that it was criminal in you, and I repeat it. I now ask you to undo the mischief that you have caused, and I even offered you a matchless price for your condescension. You refused me."

"Am I to submit to your dictation?" asked Clara, proudly. "Is your judgment upon my conduct alone to seal its condemnation? Who are you that, in defiance of the Gospel prohibition, are so prompt to decide upon the conduct of others?"

"I am the father of the young man you are tempting on to ruin," replied the old man.

"And I am a female, weak and powerless, and a prisoner, and I aver that your assertions are base, and slanderous and false!"

"You have confessed as much to me!"

"That is also false!"

"My God!" cried the old man, starting up from his chair and pacing the room to and fro.

"Such impudence is intolerable. You admitted all this to me on the lake!"

"All that I have admitted to you upon the lake or here I am willing to adhere to. I never said that your son was dishonored, and never said that I had urged him to pursue his present course. I said that it was followed in pursuance of his convictions!"

"Who brought those convictions about?"

"His own conscience. His own moral perceptions, and I believe it will emblazon on the pages of a national history his name, when yours shall be forgotten, or only spoken of as synonymous with disgrace and dishonor!"

"The devil!" cried the old man, highly incensed. "You are a prophetess, then, in the enemy's camp."

"I venture to predict what I have spoken."

"Upon my word!" said the major, "you are a decided specimen of the she-patriot. You are an acquisition to any cause!"

"I only wish," replied Clara, meekly, "that your conduct would permit me to say as much for you!"

The major and Carleton had both mistaken the effect of imprisonment upon the mind of this true-hearted and devoted girl. There was no such thing as fear in her high soul. Indeed, the deeper the gloom around her, the higher her daring mind seemed to rise to repel it. She was not as dispirited as she was the day that she witnessed the burning of her little home and the destruction of her patrimony.

"Have you forgotten the tenor of the letters I made mention of in our former interview?" asked the major.

"What letters?"

"Letters that I requested you to write to my son."

"Respecting our mutual engagement?"

"Yes, but not that alone. I mentioned that, as a condition of your freedom, you should exhort him to abandon the colonial cause and take up for the king."

"I remember it."

"And your answer to that request now?"

"Is the same as before."

"That is you refuse to do so."

"I would lose my life first."

The major paced the room in great agitation. By and by he took a seat and leaned his head upon his hand. A new idea had taken possession of his mind. At the last moment he had discovered that Clara could not be driven or terrified, and he had resolved to try the virtues of persuasion. He felt, indeed, that he could give up all the matrimonial plans he had formed for his son if he could only win him to the cause of the king. He longed to get him, in some measure, out of the camp of the enemy.

Clara watched every varying shade of his features. She could not bring herself to believe that such conduct as he had all along evinced was at all natural to the father of her lover.

The old man was lost in reflection for a long time. At length he aroused himself, and removing his chair, he seated himself near the person of the expectant girl.

Her heart beat violently.

"Clara!" said he, taking her hand within his own, and speaking in a calm voice; "perhaps I have been wrong."

"I feel that you have, but I am satisfied that it was unintentional," she said, anxious to encourage him.

"Perhaps also, I have judged you harshly. Indeed, I feel that I have. If Henry wooed you, and you consented to become his wife, I ought not to blame you!"

Clara was silent and tears suffused her eyes.

"I am old and childish, and this rebellion has soured my mind. I have thought better of my conduct."

"I am rejoiced to hear it."

"You are the daughter of a man that has long been my neighbor, and I am forced to believe, that, had he been in my situation, he would have acted differently."

"Perhaps not," interposed Clara. "Circumstances alter us amazingly. He might have felt as you did."

"He might, it is true," replied the old man, "but I can not bring myself to think so."

"Repentance of an error, should always secure our forgiveness!" suggested Clara, by way of condolence.

"True; and I make bold to solicit yours."

"It is granted," returned the girl, promptly.

"Now, I will renew propositions to you, and I hope they will be such as you can fall in with."

"So do I," replied the girl.

"I shall never bring myself to look with an eye of kindness upon this rebellion. I loathe its authors, and I hate its principles. These are my honest convictions."

"Well?"

"I shall never feel toward Henry, as a father ought to feel toward a son, while he is fighting this cause, or any other way furthering its advancement."

"You ask for liberty of conscience in this matter; do you not?" asked Clara.

"To be sure!"

"Are you not also willing to grant it?"

The old man could not readily reply, and he attempted to avoid the question by saying:

"You did not hear me out. For many years I have been educating my son, and training his mind for the part he is to act upon the great stage of life. I have not only selected his part but prepared his means. As his parent, I had a right to expect, and to ask, that my instructions should be followed, and that he should carry out my design in educating him. I ask you if such demands would be unreasonable?"

"I can not say that they would."

"To be sure you can't. Henry, however, has paid no heed to me whatever. I wished him, when this rebellion broke out to enter the army of the king; to gain for himself honor, by upholding the rights of his sovereign. This he refused to do, and in order to show his determination in the matter, or for some other reason, he has united himself to the rebels."

"Suppose Henry were to appear here," said Clara, "and after using every argument that reason could suggest, should endeavor by entreaty to prevail upon you to join the rebel cause as you call it, and you should refuse him, because your conscience bade you do so. Would you deem Henry justified in denouncing you, and in complaining of your obstinacy?"

"Certainly not; for he has no claim upon my obedience, but I have upon his. He is my son and heir, and is bound by every honorable usage of society to gratify me."

"I cannot bring myself to believe that the authority of the parent extends to the conscience of the child. That is carrying human power further than God has intended it to go."

"We will not moot that point," said the old man. "Hear my proposition now. You being betrothed to Henry, undoubtedly have an influence over him, and in all probability that influence is controlling. If you will write to him as I before suggested, and induce him to quit the rebel camp, and come over to the king's side, I will consent to your immediate union; nay, more, I will bestow my blessing upon it!"

"It would be useless, major," replied Clara. "I must again inform you that you overrate my influence."

"No, I do not," replied the major. "I am an old man, now, it is true, but I have not forgotten the influence of woman upon my own heart. I remember it well. It was all-powerful."

"Let me be candid with you," said Clara. "I find no fault with the part you see fit to take in this war, although I could wish you thought otherwise. I am as firmly and honestly a Whig, as you are a Tory. In consideration of your years, and your feelings upon the subject, I will write to Henry, what you desire me to write, about our union. He will then be free to act as he chooses in the matter."

"But will you not add your entreaties to mine, that he comply at once with the proposition?"

"No, I cannot," replied Clara, and her eyes were again dimmed with her tears. "It would be false and dishonorable in me to do so. If his own sense of duty leads him to pursue the course you desire him to, I shall be content, but I shall not be a party to any persuasion that will offer him the least inducement to disgrace himself!"

The old man was evidently disappointed. He dropped Clara's hand, which he had retained through the whole conversation, and once more paced the room. Clara was really touched by the feeling he evinced in the matter, yet she felt that she had a duty to perform in the premises, as high and as holy as any that could pertain to a parent.

At length the old man stopped before her.

"It appears to me, Clara," he said, "that you do not treat my proposition with the fairness and candor it deserves at your hands. If you ever intend to bear the important connection of wife to my son, you ought in courtesy, if not at heart, feel some manner of consideration for his father."

"I can assure you that I do," replied Clara; "yet I cannot act dishonorably, to convince you of it."

"There is no dishonor," replied the old man, sharply, "in exhorting an undutiful son to his duty."

"I conceive it to be his duty in this matter, to act as his heart directs him. For that reason, I refuse to interfere."

"You may remain here until you hear from me again," said the major, suddenly turning to leave the room. "I shall not be absent long. I had nearly forgotten some important business."

This excuse was but an artifice to leave the girl's presence. The old man was entirely at fault, and in his dilemma he determined to seek Carleton and ask his advice.

He found Carleton at leisure in his cabinet, and he stated to him the result of his interview with Clara, and the advancement he had made, to obtain her co-operation. Carleton looked at him with surprise:

"Does she refuse your offer?" he asked.

"No; but she refuses to counsel the youth to quit the rebel camp and come to me!"

"The devilish minx!"

"It is even so!"

"And, after degrading yourself by promising to consent to her union with your boy, which offer she scouts at, you are at a loss what course to pursue, are you?"

"I confess that I am."

"Major! if I had not known you years ago, before age had crawled so far upon you, I should be tempted to believe that your mind was palsied and imbecile."

"Why so?"

"To think that you would for a moment be kept at bay, by a pert and forward jade, like this patriot in petticoats!"

"What shall I do?"

"Do! why, confine her in the old nunnery! Herd her with her fellow cattle! Treat her with the neglect, scorn, and contempt that she merits, and not fawn around her and beseech and supplicate her to do her duty. I pledge you that this course will change her determinations! It will bring her at your feet, which is her proper place, instead of the one you have assigned her. A pretty state of affairs, truly! If you make your prisoner your conscience-keeper, it will not be a great while before you change places!"

"But would not such conduct be deemed unmanly severity?" asked the old man.

"What do you care about her opinion of the conduct? Send her off to Albany after a while, and thoroughly separate her from your son. Both he and she will see that their ill-conceived matrimonial project is futile, and their reason will return."

"I am not sure but your plan is good."

"I know it is; and am surprised that you did not immediately adopt it."

Carleton's reasoning prevailed. The old man determined that he would not see Clara again for the present, but he forthwith dispatched a servant for one of the prison guard. When the soldier made his appearance, Clara was turned over to his charge, and in a short time was locked within the unhealthy walls of the old nunnery.

CHAPTER XL

THE NEW DUTY.

JACOB DASH had barely finished his pipe, when the Indian girl awoke. He at once proceeded to the boat, and, by signs, informed her that their further journey would be pursued by land. She accordingly debarked, and Jacob, after he had thrown the Tory guns into the river, removed his own baggage, and scuttling the boat, shoved it out into the stream to sink. The whole party then took up their line of march toward the American Camp at Crown Point.

Accustomed to forests, and to the obstacles that beset the path of the woodman, and perfectly conversant with the country through which they were journeying, the Patrol was enabled to take a much nearer, and easier traveled route than the one pursued by Henry in coming out. They consequently moved forward with much greater rapidity and ease.

They beguiled the weariness of the way by speculating upon the incident of the morning, and when they had exhausted that subject, Henry informed the Patrol of his attachment to Clara Marion, and the calamity that had befallen her by the death of her father, the destruction of her home, and her subsequent captivity.

"Then that's the reason why you desire to visit Carleton's dominion, eh?" said Jacob, his eye twinkling, and his face diverging into a broad grin, as Henry concluded his narration.

"I confess that it is the sole cause of my desire to go that way," replied the young man.

"Danged if we don't have a most glorious time of it!" cried Jacob, enthusiastically. "I'm specially cute on all love affairs, and, to tell you the fact, I like 'em."

"You mentioned your partiality for them before, you remember."

"Yes, I'll oillers mention it, 'cause I'm dreadful fond of 'em. Your gal is well in for it, but ef-so-be I don't git her out of that Tory nest, jist like takin' a b'ar out of a bass-wood, then I'm no man! Now, you mind!"

"You speak confidently, and I hope your expectations may be realized. It would afford me great satisfaction."

"No danger at all," said the Patrol. "A gal that likes a feller is so completely sharp to manage with. They's no dodgin' 'em any way! That Alice Van Loam that I knew was a great one! Of course your gal is Whig clean over, a'n't she?"

"Most certainly."

"Then we'll be off as soon as Arnold will permit us. The truth is, that when she is in such company as th y keep in Canada there, the time 'll seem monstrous slow."

They formed an encampment before sundown, for their supply of provisions was running low, and Jacob could not think of pursuing his journey without a requisite of provisions. The Indian girl, also, showed evident symptoms of fatigue, and the Patrol was determined that an opportunity for repose should be afforded her.

Henry was appointed to prepare a shelter from the dews and dampness of the night, and Jacob left in pursuit of the deer that he required for his subsistence. The Indian girl seated herself upon a mossy stone, and while her young protector was preparing the hut of green branches, she amused herself by chanting one of the wild and plaintive airs of her tribe. Henry often desisted from his labor, when unobserved by her, to gaze upon the untutored grace and beauty of her charms.

Soon after the hut was arranged, Jacob returned from the hunt. There was no difficulty in procuring game in that region, and he had been as successful as he could desire. He deposited a fat deer upon the ground, and with the air of a man acquainted with the duties of his profession, proceeded to dress and cut up the desirable parts, in a manner convenient for their limited means of transportation.

"Now," said he, after completing his task, "I calculate that we can sustain natur' till we git to Crown P'int."

His next care was for a fire, by the aid of which he could prepare his supper. To obtain the necessary materials for this matter, was easy enough accomplished, and not many minutes elapsed before the huge ranger was discussing the fruits of his toil with great gusto.

"These are the materials and this is the eatin'-house for me!" said he, as the provisions disappeared before him like the dew before the sun. "I never want none of your high-flown sass, boy! I can eat anything that grows in these parts without any gravy!"

With a delicacy that reflected credit upon his feelings, Henry had prepared a separate hut for the Indian girl immediately in the rear of the one intended for the Patrol and himself. After she had eaten of Jacob's fare she entered it and the young man seated himself in his own, to await the termination of the worthy Patrol's meal.

With a sigh, heaved up from the profundity of his capacious chest, Jacob at length drew back from the feast. He carefully wiped the blade of his knife upon the leaves and returned it to its sheath and then he kicked away the chip that had served him for a plate.

"Now," said he, "you see that my chores are all did. My dishes is all washed and I'm ready for biz'ness. If they's anything more convenient than livin' in the woods, I don't know it."

"To-night, as I feel somewhat wakeful, I shall hold you to the promise you made me yesterday."

"What promise?"

"The promise to relate your love scrape in the Mohawk country. I anticipate a rare treat."

"Oh! ha!" laughed Jacob, "I expect I'll have to gratify you, bein' as you're young. But I must say it was the scrape of all scrapes that ever I knew of."

Jacob lit his pipe and seated himself beside his young companion. He whiled away the silent hours until after midnight in relating his adventures, and the young man listened with the greatest interest. As soon as the conversation terminated they lay down to rest and slumbered until the dawning of the morning.

As usual, the Patrol was the first to awaken. He busied himself at once with the breakfast and when Henry crawled out from the shelter of the boughs, that important meal was awaiting him.

"Now rouse out the little one," said the Patrol. "We have no time to lose if we mean to reach the P'int to-morrow."

Henry was about to comply with this request, when the Indian girl appeared. The melancholy that seemed to oppress her the previous day had in a great measure vanished and her step appeared to be more light and sprightly.

Throughout the whole of this day's march the sky betokened rain. When the sun began to decline to the west, Jacob began to look around for a place of shelter, but none offered until near sunset. Then he discovered a projecting rock in the side of a little eminence that offered an effectual protection from the rain, should any fall, and there he resolved to abide through the night.

"Another day," said he, as he deposited his

baggage upon the earth, "will bring us to the P'int easy enough. I'm tired enough of roaming through the woods without an object."

The camp was hastily prepared and they retired early to rest. When the morning came the sign of rain had passed away and under a clear sky they set out for the Point.

Before noon marks of civilization and settlements began to appear. The woods were traversed in different directions by roads and occasionally a log hut, the tenement of some hardy pioneer, or of some hanger-on of the camp, could be seen. Soon after the sun had crossed the meridian, the flag of the Colonies could be seen floating from the barracks and the little party pressed forward with increased ardor.

"Here we are!" said Jacob, as they entered the little street which was filled with men and teams. "What upon earth makes the folks stare so? Are Christian bein's a rarity among 'em!"

Henry could not answer this question and they pressed on toward the head-quarters, occupied by the commander-in-chief. This was easily distinguished from the common tenements by its flag and superior outward decorations, and when Henry approached the door, he requested the sentinel on duty to announce him to Arnold.

The party was not kept long in waiting. They were admitted to the presence of the commander, who shook Henry cordially by the hand and expressed the most lively gratification at beholding the Patrol of the Mountain.

"Who have we here?" he asked, turning toward the Indian maid, who had followed her benefactors into the building and was gazing at the maps and pictures that decorated the walls.

"That's a question that can't be answered by us," replied the Patrol, "for we don't know ourselves."

"She can talk, I suppose. Who are you, miss?" he asked, turning toward the girl.

A vacant stare was all the answer he received.

"It's no use in talking to her, 'cause she can't understand a word that you say."

"Where did she come from?"

"She come with us," replied Jacob.

"Where did you obtain her?"

"We didn't obtain her at all! We took her from a parcel of Tories on the Indian river."

"Ah!"

"You see," said Jacob, hitching up his trowsers, "that we knew she was abused and we stepped in and took her off."

"Perfectly right!" replied Arnold.

"In course it was! and ef-so-be you can procure a parson to talk with her, I've no doubt you'll git a great deal of information that may be of service."

"True enough. We will find an interpreter."

"She'll tell all she knows, for the poor thing is grateful enough. I wish you would send her to her tribe."

"It shall be done the first opportunity that occurs. We can pass her on to the lines almost every day."

"We took a lot of dockyments at the same time. Mr. Henry carries them, and perhaps you would like to see 'em before you git an interpreter. To my notion, they're important."

"We will read them," said Arnold, "and then determine."

Henry procured the packet that had been taken from the Tory encampment, and Arnold, after receiving them, called in a soldier and said:

"Take these men into the camp and provide them with refreshments. Take the girl also, and place her with some of the women. I will see you again when you are recovered from your fatigue," he continued, turning toward the Patrol and his messenger.

"I wonder if he's sich a goslin as to think we're tired?" muttered Jacob, as he followed the soldier to his quarters.

Jacob, however, had no cause for dissatisfaction, for the best that the camp afforded was supplied him. By the time that his meal was brought to a termination he was in the best possible humor and started out to see the sights that the place afforded.

His ramble was cut short, however, by a summons from Arnold. He repaired to head-quarters and found the commander seated at a table awaiting his arrival.

"I have perused those papers," said he, "and find that they will furnish us with an opportunity of saving some of our friends, if we can manage to keep the enemy in view."

"That's what the youngster told me."

"We will make the effort at any rate. We have not friends so plenty that we can afford to lose 'em at this rate. I am surprised that he does not rather exchange them."

"I am not surprised at anything the scabby critter will do!" responded the Patrol. "He has some object in view in securing these prisoners. In my opinion, they arn't common men."

"I am not aware that any of our distinguished friends, either in the civil or military line, are in his custody. Still, he has designs upon them, and we must thwart him."

"I go for that, strong!"

"What do you think of a mission to St. John's?"

"In course, if we mean to watch the rat closely, we must be pretty near his hole."

"That's my opinion. The wilderness is unguarded, and we have nothing on the lake. If, however, we knew the time that these prisoners would be forwarded to Albany, we might contrive some plan to intercept them. Will you go to St. John's?"

"Sartinly."

"Do you need a companion?"

"Why, the youngster has set his heart on going, and it would be wrong to disappoint him. Besides, I think that two are better than one, on such a mission."

"Who do you mean by the youngster?"

"Why, I mean that young Mr. Henry, to be sure, the boy you sent out to me."

"Yes. He is a shrewd young man, and of undoubted courage. If he chooses he may go with you."

"Oh! he'll choose it. Don't be afraid of that! I'll risk his willingness, and so would you, ef-so-be you knew what I do. I calculate he'd march clear to Quebec with me!"

"I understand it. I have opened a negotiation with Carleton about the young lady, but to judge from this paper, I am satisfied that it will entirely fail. You must needs use great caution. Remember that you two will be alone, and if you are detected, certain destruction will inevitably follow."

"I rather think," said Jacob, winking one eye, and giving one shoulder an unnatural elevation, "that I am somewhat used to this kind o' bizness. I don't generally git into a position that arn't healthy and agreeable."

"I have confidence in your sagacity, still a little warning occasionally will not harm you."

"What will be done with the Indian gal?"

"To-morrow I can send her near her people, by a foraging party. She is anxious to return home."

"Did you find an interpreter?"

"Yes."

"Well, let us know how she come with the Tories."

"Carleton sent her under their guidance to Albany. The girl's account of the reason that induced him to do so, was not very coherent. He evidently wanted her disposed of."

"The deuce he did!"

"Perhaps she was connected with these prisoners in some way. It is not improbable."

"Ef-so-be he wanted to kill the poor critter, why didn't he do it like a Christian, and not turn her over to the cursed Tories? It's wuss than feedin' the apostels to the lions."

"The Governor has a reputation for being unscrupulous."

"I've thought a little on this matter and I can tell you what I thought the design might be."

"Well, disclose it."

"I've been in the habit," premised the Patrol, "of readin' men by their acts, instead of the language, ever since the war. Haven't you heard that the British Government have endeavored to incite all the Injun tribes ag'in' us, and the St. Francis boys in particular?"

"I have."

"Well, you know the French are rather more for us than anything else, and the St. Francis tribe are a leetle more than half French. I've hearn from some of our boys that they refused, flat-footed, to take up the tomahawk ag'in' us."

"Well, go on."

"Now it struck me that this girl might be the daughter of some chief, or great warrior among 'em, and that Carleton had sent her down here after he had stole her to have her murdered in our dominions, so that the St. Francis men should git their blood up. They'll fight for revenge when gold and whisky won't set 'em at it!"

Arnold was forcibly struck by the shrewd reasoning of the Patrol. Some such object must evidently have moved him with regard to the girl, and this one was perfectly in accordance with the man's character. Striking the table before him, he exclaimed:

"By heavens! your reasoning is ingenious, and I am satisfied of its correctness. He has intended by this process to let the savages loose upon us."

"That's my opinion!"

"In this case her rescue was a most providential matter. The girl has ascertained who are the friends of her people, and will not hesitate to report as much to the tribe. After this, it shall be our duty to watch Carleton, until he is in winter-quarters."

"That's the only way to manage him."

"When will you leave?"

"To-morrow, at the most!"

"Of course you will coast the lake. We can provide a small boat for the voyage."

"I ain't particular which way I travel if I only get there. The quickest way is the best."

"You will go the quickest in a boat, and will not be liable to interruptions by the way."

"Then I s'pose I can warn the boy to be in readiness for a start? I like his company."

"Yes. Let him go if he chooses. If anything of importance occurs, let me be informed of it at once."

"In course. I will take all sich responsibility onto my own shoulders. One of us will come down."

"Remember that I put all confidence in your sagacity."

"And don't forget about that little red-skin," said Jacob. "I am some considerable interested in her."

"She shall be safely returned to her friends. It is a matter of good policy for us to do so."

"In course."

And with an awkward bow, the Patrol took his leave, singing, in quite a loud voice, the following stanza:

"Come, all ye gal-yant Yankees,
I pray you lend an ear,
And I'll sing you a ditty,
That you'll be glad to hear,
About the king and par-ly-ment;
How they resolved one day,
To tax the gal-yant farmers
In North Amer-i-ca!"

He continued snatches of the refrain far down the street, as he was seeking for his companion, Master Henry.

His quick eye at length discovered Henry, sitting in the door of a little inn, and his music ceased at once. He beckoned for his friend to approach, and when he joined him, he said:

"The matter is all fixed, and we're off to-morrow morning. We'd best make preparations to-day, yet."

"Have you seen Arnold?"

"To be sure."

"And I am to accompany you?"

"Sartinly. I couldn't go without you."

"Shall we go by the lake, or the woods?"

"By the lake. It will be the quickest passage, and something of a variety for us."

"Of course, and the easiest way to travel. My arrangements are soon made. A few articles of provisions is all I require."

"And a little ammunition," suggested Jacob.

"That of course. We can undoubtedly obtain a boat without any trouble. Arnold will see that one is prepared."

The remainder of the afternoon was spent by the comrades in preparing for their new duty. Jacob was decidedly in his element, and he went at his work with great cheerfulness. A perfect assortment of odds and ends of human wants, were deposited in his bag, and his rifle was cleaned and examined with the most minute exactness. It was night before he ceased his labors.

The soldiers of the garrison prepared a boat, and it was moored in a convenient place, in order that it might be in readiness for an early start. Jacob retired to his couch betimes, and Henry Robinson followed his example most cheerfully.

He looked forward to his journey, with the utmost satisfaction. There was a prospect before him, dim and uncertain, it is true, but none the less lively with hope, that he would meet with Clara Marion. He could not contemplate her captivity in a strange land, surrounded by rough and unprincipled soldiery, without feeling the greatest anxiety for her safety. He had resolved to undertake her liberation at all hazards, and we all know that obstacles and impediments of every size, sink into comparative nothings in the sanguine minds of the young.

With the earliest dawn, the comrades were astir. Shouldering their small array of fixtures they departed for their boat, leaving the garrison yet wrapped in the slumbers of the night. A fresh breeze was blowing directly in their favor, and, loosing their vessel, they hoisted her little sail, and darted over the waters most beautifully.

"You take the helm, youngster," said Jacob, "for I'm out of my latitude here!"

Henry took the helm, and Jacob seated himself in the bow. He was soon lost in thought, as he gazed upon the ever-changing beauties of the shore he was passing. He was a bit of a statesman, by the way, as well as a practical philosopher, and his mind, by no means an inferior one, found ample food for contemplation.

"This is a great land," said he, surveying the stately forest trees that crowned the shores, "and it's worthy the great fight that will be waged for it. It is a great land."

"Then you contemplate a great fight for it?" inquired Henry.

"I calculate, youngster, that Christendom never witnessed such a fight as this will be. The blood is up on both sides, and it a'n't goin' to be pacified without the durndest kind of a tussle!"

"Do you feel any doubts as to the result of the contest finally?" asked Henry, anxious to learn more of his friend's views.

"Wall, it's hard makin' up an opinion. England is a mighty nation! I tell you, she's a mighty place; but then, this land of ours a'n't anything of a laughin' matter. It's young, but, sir, it's as gritty as a whetstone!"

"And you know, of course, that we are in the right. This fact alone, is a host in our favor."

"True as Maccabees! It makes a vast difference. That Bill Pitt they've got in parlia-

ment is about as right as may be. Don't you remember what he says about the war?"

"I do not."

"Waal, she ays that, in a good cause, and on a sound bottom, the forces of England could crush America, but then he insinuates that this rebellion is another haired animal by a big sight, and suspicions that England 'll get a whalin'! I a'n't anywise sart'in that I give his peraise language, but that's the 'mount on't."

"Both the assertion and the conclusion are very reasonable," replied Henry.

"Yes. I agree with you. Bunker Hill was something of a fight, and so was Lexington. I expect, also, that this battle on the lake was no laughin' matter for Carleton."

"I expect not. We were only driven off by overwhelming numbers. The loss of the Governor must have been severe."

"England can stand such losses better than we can, for she has more men."

"True enough. But every well-contested battle, like this upon the lake, gives the enemy a better idea of the stuff we are made of. They do not despise us now, as they did when the war commenced."

"I wish they did, youngster. Then they marched right up to us, and give us a chance to pepper 'em; now it's like pigeon-shootin'. You don't git a fair shot only once in a great while."

In this manner they proceeded on their voyage. The wind continued fair, and the little boat made astonishing headway. They were many miles up the lake, when they drew near the shore at night, for the purpose of selecting a place for encampment.

CHAPTER XII.

THE OLD NUNNERY.

THE prison-house, in which Clara Marion was confined, presented a most filthy and disgusting appearance. The floors and beams were rotted, and fallen in pieces about the interior. Innumerable rats and other disgusting vermin infested the walls, and the air was foul, and laden with distemper.

She recoiled with horror and disgust, as the soldier who conducted her to this dreary abode, thrust her within the door. There was no retreat, however, for the heavy bars were secured behind her, and she was safely confined. Near a hundred wretched prisoners were thrust into this miserable abode, and were staring at each other in stupid despair, and she, feeling that such society was worse than none, made the best of her way, over the rubbish that strewn the floor, to a distant corner, where she seated herself, to indulge her tears.

This imprisonment came unexpectedly upon the poor girl. She had expected, of course, to be confined, but not in such a mansion, or jail, as this. She had been elated with hope when the major relented, during their last interview, and was even carried so far by it, that she thought her entire deliverance at hand.

When he left her he had promised to return; but he had failed in his promise. She knew not the reason of this failure, but she knew that the good feeling he at one time showed, had been overpowered, and she had nothing to hope from him.

The food that was furnished the inmates of the place was as revolting as the apartment they occupied. Some, who had for a long time been denied a sufficient quantity of healthful food, partook of it with avidity; but Clara, who had not yet experienced the cravings of hunger, turned from it, and left it untasted.

Immediately adjoining the prison-room was the guard-house of the garrison. Only a thin partition wall, broken through in many places, separated them. At night this guard room was filled with drunken and riotous soldiers, whose obscenity and blasphemy was absolutely appalling. Clara strove in vain to shut her ears against the horrid sounds; she could not help hearing them. She often tried to occupy her thoughts with distant objects, but she could not; for no sooner would she lose herself in some well-remembered scene, than a horrid oath, or a brawling song, would recall her to the realities around her.

She was enduring the slow pains of the torture. For several days she bore up under it with admirable fortitude; but then she began to droop and languish, and disease attacked her. She became so alarmingly ill at length, that her case was reported to Carleton. A physician was sent to her assistance, and the Governor sought the room occupied by the major, to inform him of the situation of the prisoner.

"Your famous Whig beauty is now reaping the just reward of her obstinacy," he said, as he took a seat. "I should not wonder if you found her as pliable as a willow stick, now."

"What has occurred?" asked the major.

"Why, madam has taken the fever. The fact is, her location, and the society around her, are not agreeable."

"But is she really ill?"

"Quite ill, indeed. The physician has just gone to see her."

The major was silent and thoughtful. Indeed, his heart upbraided him for his conduct.

"I am grieved to learn of her illness," he said, at length. "I will visit her myself."

"Poor thing!" said Carleton, sarcastically. "I have not the least doubt but it would alleviate her distress, to find you at her feet, with your former proposition."

"I am bound, in honor, to abide by that proposition, if she falls in with it. I should not be justified in breaking my faith with her, because she is my prisoner, should I?"

"I can see but little faith between you," replied Carleton. "She is, evidently, artful and designing, and you are a little, nay, not a little, fearful of her power. It is a game of wits between you."

"I cannot regard it in that light. Notwithstanding her power which you speak of so confidently, I shall visit her."

"Of a certainty, I would do so. Now is the time, if you are really anxious to bring your business to a close. Sickness has mollified her. Of course, you will let me know the result of your interview?"

"To be sure, and I hope I shall be able to inform you that your prediction is verified."

Carleton left the apartment. Major Robinson leaned back in his chair for some moments, when he arose, took up his hat and cane, and sallied into the street. He directed his steps toward the old Nunnery, and when he reached the door, he asked of the sentinel:

"Is the physician in the prison?"

"He has just left."

"Open the door; I wish to enter."

The soldier bowed, and unlocked the door. The major entered with an erect step, but his crest lowered, and his breath came quickly, when he gazed for a moment round the room.

If the appearance of the building was wretched when Clara Marion entered it, it was now deplorably so. The filth and litter had accumulated from its occupancy, and many more of its inmates were down with fevers and other diseases. No air was admitted within its gloomy precincts, save such as could find entrance through the rusted bars that confined the windows. Groaning, and praying, and lamentation reached the ear from every quarter.

"A perfect hell!" thought the major, as he stopped to look around the apartment.

The inmates were resting, for the most part, upon the heaps of rubbish that had been piled up to serve in the place of beds. A few, however, of the more robust, were administering to the sick ones such relief as the niggardly parsimony and malevolence of the Governor doled out to them.

Filled with fear, and conscious of guilt, he looked around for Clara Marion. He examined all the pallets his eye embraced, but upon none of them did he discover the form that he sought. At length he was compelled to ask a prisoner, who was standing near him, where he could find her. The man uttered not a word, but pointed to a distant corner of the wretched lazaret-house.

The major followed the direction indicated. As he approached the place where Clara lay, the sick berths, if they deserved the name, became more frequent, and the evidences of distress more numerous. At last he reached her couch, and was horror-struck at the change her illness had wrought in her.

Stretched upon a pile of chips and coarse straw, without any covering but a soiled and faded gown that she wore, she was lying. Her eyes were unusually bright and glittering, her lips parched and dry, and her cheeks wasted and sunken. Scarcely a remnant of her extraordinary beauty was left, but the unmistakable marks of the fever's progress had taken their place. A low moan, as if nature was too weak to suppress it, was the only evidence of her suffering that escaped.

The major stood at the side of her couch for some moments before she observed him. In endeavoring to change her position her eye fell upon his features and a smile of recognition parted her thin, blue lips.

That smile went to the old man's heart like a two-edged sword pointed with fire.

"Are you ill, Clara?" he asked, endeavoring to soften his tone as much as possible.

"I am *very* ill!" she replied.

"How long have you been sick?"

"For several days," she replied, faintly.

"Has the physician visited you?"

"He has."

"What did he say of your case?"

"I did not ask."

A voice, not audible to human ears, thundered to the old man, and made his cheek pale: "*This is your work!*"

"Do you wish to be removed?" he asked.

"I am content to die where I am. My fellow-prisoners are no better off than I am."

"But you would undoubtedly recover if you were removed to a proper place and had proper care."

"If it is God's will I shall recover here."

"I will have you removed if you will comply with my previous request. You shall be cared for and nursed, and when you recover you shall be free to go where you choose."

Clara made no reply, and her eyes closed heavily. The major felt confident that his overtures would be accepted.

"All my objections to your union with Henry shall be withdrawn, and if he chooses you for a wife his wife you shall be. Do you promise me, Clara?"

The girl made no reply. A little more urging, thought the major, and she would consent.

"I will stay with you until you are removed. You shall be taken to the house I occupy, and I will in person superintend your physician and your nurses. Answer me, Clara."

With a great effort the suffering girl raised her head upon her arm. She turned upon the major her burning eye, and with a strange mingling of firmness and pain, in her trembling voice she thus replied to his propositions:

"Major Robinson, I heard these offers, or similar ones, when I was in the enjoyment of health and free from bodily pain. Then I refused them. Do you think that now, when death stares me in the face, I would consent to dishonor?"

"Your consent will remove the danger of death," said the major, "and how often have I told you that there was no dishonor in it; on the contrary, it is highly honorable!"

"You are not the priest of my conscience!" replied the poor girl. "I cannot, and will not, heed your preaching. I tell you again that I prefer death to disgrace!"

She sunk back upon her humble couch and closed her eyes again.

"You had better consider, Clara, ere it be too late!" persisted the major. "It is only a stubborn will that causes you to refuse. You have told me that you willingly would marry Henry, even if he were a Tory."

"And so I would," she replied, "if it was the result of honest conviction. If he altered his view, and deserted his country to accomplish any earthly purpose, I would scorn him as I do the proposition you are so urgent for me to accept. It would be baseness!"

"A curse upon such intractable spirits!" muttered the major. "She must be removed or her blood will be upon my head!"

He left the prison with rapid steps. He drew long inhalations of the sweet air when he had gained the street, and wondered not that the Nunnery was the den of the pestilence. He walked to his lodgings and found Carleton seated at the table engaged in the perusal of some papers. The major took a seat, looking dejected enough.

"Have you been to the prison?" asked Carleton, laying the papers upon the table.

"I have."

"How did you find the girl?"

"Ill enough."

"I thought as much. She was also a little more easy in her demands and requirements, I suppose?"

"She asked nothing."

"But you renewed your proposals to her?"

"And was refused."

"The deuce!"

"She's as stubborn as ever. I am satisfied that she never will consent and I must retreat."

"Retreat! How?"

"Why, I must remove her from that pestilential old rookery or she will die. I do not care to have her blood resting upon me."

"Yet you must confess that her death would be a desirable occurrence for you just now!"

"I can't say that I desire her death. Let that be as it will, I shall not consent to be instrumental in producing it."

"Do you think that her illness is attributable to your agency?" queried the Governor.

"To be sure. If I had not placed her in that prison she would probably have escaped the pestilence. We hear of no cases of it except among the prisoners."

"I have resigned her to your hands and shall not interfere with your determinations. Arnold has sent in proposals for an exchange, and his agent is particularly anxious about this girl. If you are desirous of getting her off your hands a good opportunity offers."

"But if I consent to exchange I shall be sending her to the American camp. Her home is destroyed."

"Well, what of that? I'm of the opinion that such women are more ornamental to a rebel camp than to our own."

"But my son, sir! Henry is also in the American camp, and I should be throwing them together by this proceeding. That would be the entire ruin of my hopes!"

"Are you certain that your son is with Arnold?"

"I have every reason to believe so."

"What do you intend to do with her when we remove to Quebec, which will be in a short time? Do you intend to keep the lady as a sort of traveling baggage?"

"I ought to confine her in some place where my son will not be able to see her or communicate with her. Yet I do not think a pestilence prison is a fitting place."

"Then send her to Albany. I shall send a schooner to the lower end of the lake in a few days with a number of prisoners. I will consign her to the care of a person who will keep her secluded enough."

"Well, let it be so then. I can do nothing

with her, and if you can keep her from Henry it is all I ask."

"What crowd is that, across the street?" asked Carleton, running to the window and gazing out.

"They seem to be Indians," replied the major, who had followed the Governor. "Are they not?"

"They are," replied Carleton, adjusting his spectacles. "Upon my honor," he added, looking at them intently, "they are from St. Francis."

"There is quite a young female among them," said the major.

"Great God!" exclaimed Carleton, "I thought she—" and he suddenly checked himself and left the room.

The red-men moved down the street and the major returned to the table. He resolved to bring Clara away from the prison at once. He therefore called a servant and directed that the physician who attended her should be sent for immediately.

The physician soon made his appearance, and the major opened his business at once:

"You have a patient in the old nunnery, doctor, I believe," said the major. "A female patient?"

"Yes, I was called there to-day."

"I am somewhat interested in her," continued the major, "and have sent for you to consult about the propriety of removing her to more suitable quarters."

"It might have been done before this with great benefit to the person, sir, but it is impossible now, sir."

"What!" cried the major, in surprise; "can't she be removed now? We could prepare a litter."

"It will not answer, sir. In my opinion it would prove fatal. She must remain at present."

"You surprise me! At least we can better her situation where she is, can we not?"

"Oh! certainly. A clean and comfortable bed and a change of linen, besides other little necessities, would go far toward restoring her. In a few days she might be removed."

"Do you consider her case desperate?"

"Not desperate, perhaps, but dangerous, extremely dangerous. Both her mind and her body are affected."

The major could very well account for both, but he said nothing about them.

"I will provide the articles you have mentioned at once, and send them to the prison. Will you see that they are properly applied, doctor? I will be responsible for your fee."

"I will attend to it, sir, with pleasure."

"By the way, doctor," continued the old man, "I wish you would attend to her thoroughly. Any extra care and attention that you bestow upon her shall be rewarded."

"I will do all that my skill can suggest," replied the physician, pleased with the idea of obtaining so substantial a patron.

"As soon as she is in a condition to remove inform me of it. I am anxious she should leave that abode of wretchedness and misery. It was wrong to place her there."

The doctor promised compliance and left, while the major ordered the servants to prepare the bed and linen.

As soon as they were procured they were sent to the nunnery to be used for the benefit of Clara Marion.

CHAPTER XIII.

STRANGERS IN TOWN.

"I'm specially pleased with this way of traveling," declared Jacob, when himself and his friend were seated at their provisions on the shore of the lake, and in front of the little hut they had erected.

"It is not as laborious as walking, that is true," assented Henry. "If this wind only holds out we shall make the required distance speedily. If it comes to the oars the labor will be great."

"Now," said Jacob, "we ought to begin to arrange a plan of action. We must have a thorough plan, and we must understand it, else we might as well go back."

"As you are the commander, the planning falls upon you, of course. I have only to perform."

"Just the matter of watchin' this Governor Carleton is no trick at all," said Jacob, "but I'm bent on the gal biz'ness. Ef so be we succeed in gittin' that gal out of Canada we must be careful I tell you."

"Of course we must be cautious."

"We'll lay out as near St. John's as we can, and then we must contrive it to have one of us visit the town every day. After we find out where the gal is, we must contrive to let her know we're arter her, like a rooster arter a hawk."

"That's the most difficult of all the undertakings."

"Yes. You see you must visit the town yourself, and as you're not used to patrollin' much, it'll be an almighty ticklish job for you. It's great biz'ness."

"But you being acquainted with it had better undertake it. Not that I dread the danger, but I do desire to succeed."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the patrol, "I'd like no greater sport than to peek around that St. John's, but you must do it."

"Why?"

"You are perfectly aware, or ought to be, that I'm a little the dangedest-lookin' parson that ever happened up this way. When I make my appearance in a strange place the people ain't never satisfied a-lookin' at me. This naturally leads 'em to ax who I be. Now this would happen up here in St. John's, and there's a few Tories there I expect who would remember me with gratitude for sundry little acts of kindness that I've did 'em. They'd take especial pleasure in introducin' me to the people."

"Then I will undertake the scouting. I have no fear of being recognized, except it might be by some of the Shoreham prisoners, and they would never betray me."

"Ef so be we find out where the gal is, and open communication with her, I'll eat the barracks ef we don't bring her off. When I git as far as that I'm hard to stop."

"I am in hopes we shall meet with the agent that Arnold has sent up to effect an exchange. Perhaps he has succeeded, or at least he may tell us where to find Clara."

"That Governor will never exchange, except it should be some one he don't care a button about. However, if we should meet the agent he might give us an insight into biz'ness."

"You have been at St. John's, have you not?" asked Henry.

"Not latterly. Some time ago I passed through that way, but I scarcely remember the locality of the place."

Before the break of the following day they were again upon the lake. Jacob desired to take every advantage of the fine breeze that prevailed, and his young friend was equally as anxious to get on. They dashed up the lake in fine style. Henry directed the course of their little vessel, and Jacob was seated at his old post in the bows.

Throughout all the day a bright lookout was kept for the vessel in which Arnold's agent had sailed. Not a speck, however, appeared upon the light waters before them; and when they encamped for the night Jacob was fearful that they had passed each other during the darkness.

At a point some twenty miles from St. John's the comrades secreted their little boat, and approached the settlement on foot. The reasons for this precaution were numerous, for fishing-smacks and other like vessels, belonging to the Canadian town, were often as far from home.

The next object of solicitude, after having secreted their boat, was to find some place contiguous to St. John's where they could secrete themselves. The country did not then wear the improved and cultivated appearance that it does at the present day, and many a wood and morass offered the protection of their intricacies. Still, a good place—one that should combine the conveniences of water and game—was not easy to find. The day of the landing was nearly spent in a fruitless search, and Jacob became wearied and vexed at his ill-luck.

"Durn it!" he exclaimed; "this is the most pervers and despicable wilderness I was ever in. It don't afford a decent shelter for a rabbit. Down in our country it ain't so."

At length they came to a little hill, covered thickly with dark hemlocks from the base to the summit. A spring of clear water was close at hand, and Jacob determined that it was near enough to the place of their intended operations for all purposes.

"Here we'll stop," he said. "We might explore the hull of this cussed Tory country from end to end and not find as good a place. It ain't good for much, but we'll trust to Providence and take it. Let's carry the baggage into the thicket."

The baggage was taken into the thicket, and Jacob's hatchet was soon employed in clearing away the underbrush. When at length the darkness came their camp presented quite a comfortable appearance.

"To-morrow," said Jacob, as he was concluding his supper, "commences our operations in airnest."

"If I can exhibit skill enough to reach the settlement and get back again, I suppose you mean?" interrupted Henry.

"That'll have somethin' to do with it, sure enough," said Jacob; "but you are sagacious enough for that."

"I will attempt it, at all events. If I fail, it is in a good cause, and many others have failed before me."

"Sartinly. I've failed a dozen times in my life, but I ollers had the especial good grit to try again. Never back out so far as to say you give it up entirely."

"Confidence is a great help in times of difficulty. Where shall you remain during my absence?"

"Here in the woods. We must get a supply of provision some way, and I intend to see what the Lord has done for this country in the shape of game. I don't like the most distant idea of starvation."

Early in the morning Henry was astir. Jacob assisted him in his preparations for departure,

and kept pouring into his ear snatches of advice to control his conduct when he was among his enemies. At length the young man turned to his friend and said:

"I'm all ready now, but my rifle and my ammunition."

"The deuce!" cried Jacob, elevating his hands.

"What is it?"

"You don't sartinly think of takin' them kind of we'pons with you, I hope?"

"You would not have me go unarmed?"

"No; but that rifle and them powder fixins of yours would betray you in a minit. Them things belongs to the Yankees—to the genewine Yankees."

"What arms shall I take, then?"

"I fortunately thought of all of that when I was down to the P'int. I've the things with me." And Jacob stooped and, opening his knapsack, displayed a handsome pair of small pistols and a dirk.

"These are worth a hundred rifles to you. You will not attract attention in carrying them, and they will be convenient enough in a skirmish. Let me load the little fellers."

The pistols were accordingly loaded by the Patrol, and were afterward conveyed to Henry's pocket. The dirk was artfully concealed in the bosom of his coat, and then Jacob declared that he was ready for his mission.

The Patrol accompanied him to the skirt of the wood in which their camp was concealed. Then he shook him cordially by the hand, repeated his warnings, and watched his retreating figure until it was hid from his view by a turn in the path he was pursuing.

"He's a well-made youngster, by the gods!" averred Jacob, as Henry disappeared; "and, to my mind, it is quite plain that there is the genewine grit about him."

Then the Patrol took up his rifle and sauntered leisurely through the woods in quest of game.

The path pursued by Henry Robinson was tangled enough, and filled with impediments. Sometimes it led him through deep and sinking morasses, and again it was choked with rocks and fallen rubbish. He pursued his way, surmounting all these difficulties, and after some three hours of incessant labor he came to a little hill, which he ascended, and which afforded him a fine view of St. John's and the scenery around it. He sat down upon the earth to rest his wearied limbs.

Prominent among the objects that caught his eye was the old Nunnery. He gazed for a long time at its dingy old walls, and wondered for what purposes they had been erected. He knew it was occupied, for he saw the sentinels walking to and fro around it.

What would have been his feelings if he had known that the mistress of his heart was confined within it, stretched upon a bed of prostrating sickness, and that his father had been the cause of her illness and distress?

In the distance he could see the glancing of the bright waters and the tall masts of the hostile fleet. Upon the sides of an eminence, a little distance from the Nunnery, clustered the encampment of the few troops that the enemy had organized.

It was a very pretty picture, and he gazed upon it for a long time! By and by, he became aroused to a remembrance of his errand, and he quietly and cautiously entered the little settlement. Leisurely, as if strolling about for his own amusement, he seated himself in the bar-room of a little inn to listen to the conversation of the idlers, in hopes they might talk upon some subject that should furnish him with information that could be made of service to his present enterprise.

To avoid suspicion, he called for a tankard of ale. As he was discussing its contents, eagerly catching every word of the passing conversation without seeming to be a listener, a tall man entered the room, who bore about him the military marks of a sergeant.

He was received with great respect by the inmates of the inn, and a chair was set for his accommodation. Several desired the honor of drinking in his company, and then he was asked for the news of the day.

The tall man stretched his limbs, yawned, tipped his hat to one side, and then replied:

"There is but a trifle of news stirring. The pestilence is very bad in the old Nunnery, and one of the prisoners, a little girl, from the lower colonies, is nearly dead with it."

Henry almost suspended his breath, so great was his excitement. The officer continued:

"The first of the week a schooner will be dispatched down the lake with a number of them, that are going to Albany, and some will be exchanged. This will probably break up the distemper."

"Do you know who will be exchanged?" asked a rough looking citizen.

"I do not," replied the sergeant.

"They say that Arnold's agent offered a high price for the gal, but old Major Robinson would not let her go."

Henry was astonished, he gave a convulsive start, turned pale, and spilled his beer, but luckily no one was looking at him.

"What the deuce does the old major want of

the doxy? Has he a notion for getting married again?" pursued the inquirer.

"He's mortally interested in her, I know," said the sergeant, "for he is very anxious about her."

"It has been said," replied the rough-looking man, "that he put her in prison himself."

"I only know that she is regarded as the major's prisoner," pursued the sergeant. "Unless an improvement takes place in her in a few days, she'll be nobody's prisoner."

"Is she going to Albany?"

"If she does not die," replied the sergeant. "The chances are against her now."

"When does Arnold's agent return?" asked the rough man.

"He has gone!"

"When?"

"He left the day before yesterday."

"What vessel goes down the lake?"

"The Queen Charlotte."

"Then by the gods," cried the rough-looking man, "I shall not get my discharge in a month!"

And he arose and left the inn, followed by the sergeant and several others.

Henry Robinson embraced the opportunity afforded by their absence to pay for his beer, and withdraw.

Wishing for a place to vent his pent-up feelings unobserved, he once more ascended the little hill and seated himself.

In his brief visit to the little inn he had learned all! He had learned enough to fill his heart with an unutterable woe!

Clara was confined in a prison, suffering and dying! She had been placed there, too, by his own father, who had refused to accede to her exchange, although offered an extravagant price!

Despite his manhood and the indignation that he felt, Henry could not restrain his tears.

He had learned something that afforded him a hope. She was designed for Albany if she escaped the fangs of the pestilence. At all events, if he failed in liberating her here, he could have an opportunity of making another trial if he escaped. There was some consolation in that. He resolved that he would not again venture into the village until he had consulted his companion, for he was at a loss what course to pursue.

He therefore sought their little camp again. The shades of night were fast coming down, when he descried the Patrol sitting beside a little fire, the light from which was carefully screened by hemlock branches, busily employed in preparing food.

He uttered a shrill whistle, which was the signal agreed upon between them, and in a moment the Patrol was advancing toward him, with his huge hand extended for an embrace.

"Back alive, eh?" he said. "Didn't I know you could do it? Come, sit down here, while I prepare the fodder."

Henry was not loth to comply with his request, and the moment the Patrol saw him comfortably seated, he redoubled his diligence in preparing the food.

"Come, you must be famished!" he said, when his preparations were ended. "There's nothing like mental and bodily exercise combined to make an appetite."

"I perfectly agree with you," Henry assented smilingly.

"Then fall at it," said Jacob; "I brought down two most beautiful deer in your absence!"

"You have been fortunate!"

"Yes. I didn't think the Lord had been so marcfiful to such a deuced onnateral-looking country."

"We cannot always judge by the externals."

"No. But what luck had you?"

"None better!"

"Good! I've never had sich confidence in any undertakin' as I've had in this."

Henry then proceeded to inform Jacob of all that had transpired during his absence.

"I see," said the Patrol. "I did think we'd resort to stratagem to git the girl out here, but we won't do it."

"Why not?"

"What could we do with a sick gal in these woods? No, no, I've a plan worth a hundred of that."

"What can it be?"

"Why, I swear we'll take her on the lake!"

"On the lake?"

"Nothin' clearer! If that gal goes aboard a schooner, and I don't have her, then you may call me a fool all the days of my natteral life-time!"

"How can you accomplish it?"

"Don't press me now. I've a plan in my head, and in a few days I'll fix it."

"Are we to suspend operations then?"

"No."

"What can we do?"

"Watch this infernal Governor, and see if he does not fool us. Let him play no game!"

"But if the girl can't be removed when the schooner sails—what is to be done then?"

"Why, then we must run our chances to git her where she is. We could do nothing with her now."

"Of course not."

"Let me sleep until morning; then I'll arrange matters as we want them. I can't till then."

Pleased with each other, and the success that had so far attended them, the comrades retired to their slumbers. The fatigues of the day had prepared Henry for rest, but Jacob, feeling that he had schemes of importance to settle, laid in deep thought until long after midnight. In consequence of his wakefulness, Jacob slumbered heavily in the morning. Henry arose betimes, and when the Patrol aroused, he found his breakfast in readiness and his comrade awaiting him.

"Now," said Jacob, when the repast was over, "you will go to St. John's again to-day and pursue your inquiries. If you can get another skiff by any means, do so, for I calculate we shall want one."

"You have arranged your plan of operations then?"

"Yes—that is, in a great measure. I have only to say, if you are cautious and the pestilence merciful, that I will warrant success."

The confidence of his companion assured the young man. Equipped as on the previous day, he started for the settlement once more, promising to return before night. The Patrol was anxious for this haste, as he complained that the solitude of the wild and strange place in which their camp was situated was irksome enough.

Quite a perceptible change had taken place in the weather since the day before. The west wind blew sharp and chilly, and there was a low, moaning sound, which seemed to emanate from the bosom of the lake, that presaged the approach of a storm.

Henry was pleased with the change. It was favorable to the disease that afflicted his mistress, and it would in all probability stimulate Carleton to a speedy action in regard to his prisoners, as it would remind him of the necessity of seeking winter-quarters at once. In those high latitudes winter came suddenly and unannounced.

He ascended the little eminence again to survey the city, if it might be called such, before he entered it. It wore its usual quiet air, and he descended and made his way to the little tavern.

His arrival happened at a most inauspicious moment. The bar-room was filled with soldiers and citizens, and to judge by their actions and from their conversation, the bottle had been freely circulated. There was but one vacant seat in the room, and this Henry took possession of and called for a tankard of ale.

The moment he entered the inn all eyes were turned upon him. None knew him, and inquiries concerning him were soon buzzing around the room. The young man felt the awkwardness of his situation, but he conducted himself as bravely as he could under the embarrassing circumstances. He drank his beer in silence, and appeared not to heed the scouting of his person that was going on.

The tall sergeant of the previous day seemed to be the most considerable man in the crowd. Several potations of generous liquor had served also to elevate his ideas of his own importance, and after Henry had been seated a few moments he set his chair opposite the young man, and after staring him in the face a few moments he said:

"Good-morning, sir!"

Henry was peculiarly annoyed by these attentions, for he desired as much as possible to pass unnoticed. He saw, however, that he could not refuse to reply, and he said:

"Good-morning!"

Whispering, drinking and talking was suspended at once. Every eye and every ear was turned toward Henry and the sergeant.

"You seem to be a stranger here," said the latter.

"Not much of a stranger," Henry answered carelessly.

"I don't remember as I have ever seen you before."

"Then I have the advantage of you," replied the young man, wishing in his heart that the tipsy sergeant was at the devil.

"Have you seen me before?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"You are quite particular!" replied Henry, tartly. "I don't choose to contribute to your amusement by answering every little question you may be pleased to ask me!"

The sergeant opened his eyes to their utmost capacity, and gazed at the young man.

"Quite nettlesome!" he replied. "I think you will find that you are obliged to answer me, though. I'm the officer of the day!"

Quite a sensation was manifested by the listening auditory. Some winked encouragement to the sergeant, and others assumed an air of greater interest. Henry saw the course affairs would be likely to take, and he cursed himself for entering the cabaret.

"Very well," replied Henry, who thought to mollify the wrath of the officer of the day, "I saw you yesterday."

"Where?"

"Here!" replied Henry.

"I remember the young man," remarked the landlord, who seemed desirous of assisting his guest. "He has frequently called here for his ale. I have seen him often."

Henry said nothing to this gratuitous assertion, but he looked his gratitude to the landlord. The sergeant merely nodded his head, and leaving his seat, walked out into the street.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE AFFRAY.

HENRY ROBINSON thought that the drunken sergeant was satisfied, when he left his seat and retired from the room. The assembled company seemed also to partake of the same sentiment, for an expression of disappointment or chagrin was upon every face.

They were all premature in their judgment, for before ten minutes had elapsed the sergeant returned and resumed his seat. He turned to Henry immediately, and said:

"I say, sir! You look as if you wanted employment. What do you say to enlisting in the king's service?"

"I am much obliged to you," replied the young man, inwardly cursing the pertinacity of his tormentor. "I have no need of employment for the present."

"Light work and good pay," declared the sergeant. "Nothing to do but flog out a herd of the dirty rebels once in a while, just enough for exercise. What do you say?"

"I repeat that I am not in want of employment. I confess that your description of the duty is quite tempting," said Henry, "but at present I am otherwise employed. By and by I may embrace your offer."

"Pooh! Now's the time. Don't you know that by and by the opportunity may not be had?"

"Then I must remain as I am, that's all."

"Perhaps you don't like fighting the rebels?"

"Oh! I should have no objections to that. I am not much of a fighting character, however."

"There's pretty girls among them," continued the sergeant. "We've got one of them here that's nearly turned the heads of all the men. She's sick now, but the doctor thinks she will recover."

"Indeed!" Henry could not say more. He knew that the sergeant alluded to Clara. He was fearful of betraying himself if he made any inquiries, but he would have freely forgiven the man his impudence if he would proceed with his discourse.

"She is a beauty, I assure you!" he continued. "It's only a mortal pity that her character is not as good as her person."

Henry said not a word, but every fiber of his frame was agitated with passion. The sergeant looked up and discovered his flashing eye and frowning brow.

"Furies!" he exclaimed roughly, "you don't appear to take my conversation in good part!"

Henry was silent.

"Perhaps you belong to the fraternity I've been talking about. If you do, let me say that you've come to the wrong place to show off any airs about it. We're the friends of the king here, and speak our minds about his enemies."

"I don't cavil at your privilege," replied Henry. "You need not direct your conversation at me!"

"Then you're a Whig, eh?"

"I did not say that I was a Whig!"

"But I say you are!" shouted the sergeant in an excited tone, springing up from his chair. "I've thought all the while that you might be one of the cursed vermin. You don't look like an honest man."

There was a scene at once. The bar-room was all excitement, and the sergeant strutted and fumed as if the most important moment of his life had arrived. Henry sat perfectly cool and collected, but he was fearful that a storm had overtaken him.

"Dare you deny my assertions?" demanded the sergeant, approaching him in an insulting manner.

Henry saw at once that the sergeant was a bully, and that the safest course for him to pursue would be to act promptly. He gazed boldly up and replied:

"I'll tell you what I dare do. If you insult me again, I dare to knock you down."

The bully retreated a step or two.

"Be careful, sir! I'm the officer of the day."

"I don't care if you are the Governor!" returned Henry. "You are a drunken vagabond at the best, and I will not be insulted by you. You had better keep at a respectful distance."

"Hell and fury!" cried the sergeant. "What do you call me? I'll not endure such insult."

"Do as you like," replied the youth, perfectly calm. "It is immaterial to me what course you pursue."

The sergeant was a coward and had evidently mistaken his man. The tittering of the spectators and the significant winks that they exchanged were very annoying and he felt compelled to continue his aggressions. He called for a tankard of ale, and after having drank most of its contents, he threw the remainder into Henry's face.

Just at this moment two or three soldiers entered the inn.

Quick as the fiery thought could be conceived, the young man seized his own tankard and hurled it at his adversary's head. His aim was sure, and the sergeant measured his length upon the floor. Most of the spectators arose from their seats, and the soldiers asked the cause of the disturbance. Henry also drew back from the little table before him and prepared himself for the combat which he plainly foresaw.

In a moment or two the sergeant arose foaming with rage. He rushed furiously upon his youthful opponent, calling upon his companions to assist him, but a well-directed blow which met him in his head-long course felled him to the floor again.

"This will not answer," said one of the soldiers that had entered as the affray commenced, and he forthwith made demonstrations to assist his officer.

"This quarrel is not between you and me," said Henry, turning toward him, "and I appeal to every gentleman in the room for the justice of my

cause. I hope, therefore, you will not interfere in the matter. When your friend desists I shall."

"But you've no business to strike a British officer," cried the soldier, approaching Henry in a pugilistic attitude.

"Back!" shouted the young man. "I'm not to be assailed by his whole regiment," and he drew a pistol from his pocket, and the sharp click of the lock was distinctly heard.

The crowd of spectators suddenly retreated to one side of the room.

"Kill the traitor Whig!" shouted the sergeant, who had once more regained his feet. "Charge on him with your bayonets, men, I command you! You have nothing to fear."

"Perhaps not!" cried Henry, presenting his pistol. "Make but a motion to put this order into effect, and I will teach you if you've nothing to fear!"

"An insult to the army!" yelled the bully. "Charge on him, boys! He deserves it!"

The soldiers had their bayonets in their girdles, yet they hesitated. There was something in the firm and unflinching look of the youth that overawed them.

"Lead us on!" demanded one of the soldiers, turning to the officer. "We will follow you."

The bully's courage, however, was cooled most astonishingly. He did not lead on.

"This is disgraceful!" declared one of the soldiers in the rear of his companion, suddenly springing toward the young man.

In a moment the report of a pistol reverberated through the street and the soldier fell upon the floor.

The spectators now fled in affright. Even the landlord abandoned his post, and entered the street. Henry replaced the discharged pistol with its fellow and the soldiers drew their bayonets and rushed upon him! Another one fell beneath his certain aim, and then he grappled with his remaining antagonist.

Meantime, the alarm spread like wildfire through the streets of St. John's that a terrible fight was raging between the citizens and the soldiers at the cabaret. People flocked in from all quarters, and the bar-room and the street were filled with a dense crowd.

Henry fought with the resolution of desperation. He felt that his hopes of success for the capture, or rather the liberation of Clara Marion, were destroyed by the untoward event, and he was perfectly reckless. His dirk gleamed wildly about his head, and the utmost endeavors of his antagonists, who had been reinforced, to obtain the mastery, proved for a long time unavailing.

At length he was overpowered by numbers, disarmed, and his hands pinioned behind him.

"What's to be done?" said the soldiers, puffing and blowing from their exertions.

"Clear the room! clear the room!" shouted a lieutenant who had arrived at the scene of action.

The rabble were driven pell-mell into the street, and the wounded soldiers taken from the floor. A physician was sent for to examine their hurts, and Henry was permitted to cool his heated blood upon a chair that was standing near him.

"That man is dead, at all events," said the lieutenant, as he turned from examining one of the soldiers.

Henry made no reply but glared fiercely at the officer.

"Should not the Governor be made acquainted with this affair?" asked a soldier.

"Presently. Let's get the report of the surgeon first," replied the lieutenant.

"Make room for the doctor! Make room for the doctor!" was shouted among the crowd outside.

The physician made his appearance inside the inn. With true professional gravity he commenced the examination of his patients. The lieutenant looked on, deeply interested.

"What do you think of them?" he asked, when the surgeon unrolled his instruments.

"Bad wounds! Very bad indeed! It's a great chance if they ever recover."

"It has been a most desperate affray!" replied the lieutenant, gazing on the person of Henry with open admiration.

"Desperate enough!" replied the doctor.

"Shall I inform the Governor now?" asked a soldier; "we have the surgeon's report."

"Not yet."

"Where shall we confine the prisoner?" asked the man, apparently anxious to be occupied.

"I was just thinking of that," replied the lieutenant. "I suppose for the present we shall be obliged to take him to the guard-house. It is secure enough."

"Certainly," replied the soldier. "Besides that, we can guard it securely, you know. Shall I remove the prisoner?"

"Yes; but you must first clear a way through the crowd. Send a file of men in advance."

A file of soldiers were soon engaged in clearing a passage for the prisoner through the crowd. He announced his success to the lieutenant and he ordered Henry to accompany the guard.

To demur was out of the question. He therefore took his station between a file of soldiers, and emerged from the bar-room into the open street. No sooner had he made his appearance than the crowd vociferated at the top of their lungs:

"The prisoner! The Whig! The rebel! There goes the murderer. Make room for the murderer."

With great difficulty the soldiers could keep the rabble from pressing upon him. They were frequently compelled to use their bayonets sharply and even then they seemed loth to retreat.

They soon left the street in which the little inn was situated and the crowd gradually lessened. After turning one or two blocks they completely disappeared, being more interested in the report of the surgeon than in the fate of the prisoner, which they knew would not be decided immediately. Henry breathed freer when they disappeared.

"There's them cursed Indians yet," remarked one of his guard to a comrade.

"Sure enough," replied the man addressed. "What the deuce are they so long in town for?"

"I cannot say," replied the first speaker. "I heard an officer remark that Carleton was apprehensive of difficulty with them. It was something about one of the girls of the tribe."

Henry looked up and saw before them a collection of some thirty or forty Indians. He paid no attention to them particularly, and had dropped his eyes

to the ground, when a shrill exclamation from a female attracted his attention.

He raised his eyes again and to his utter amazement discovered the person of the Indian girl he had rescued from the Tories with the assistance of Jacob Dash.

She was pointing toward him, with a look of recognition, and at the same time conversing with her friends with great volubility.

Henry would have spoken, but the guard hurried him on. He also remembered that he was utterly ignorant of her language. In a few moments he had forgotten the meeting, for the guard-house appeared in sight, and he was interested in its exterior.

"Here we are!" grumbled one of the guard. "Open the door some of you ahead there!"

A heavy wooden door, bolted and banded with iron, swung back upon its hinges, and disclosed to the young man the interior of his prison-house. It looked dark, dirty, and repulsive enough, yet the view did not affect him.

He soon entered the frowning porch, and the door closed upon him. His hands had been previously unbound, and he threw himself upon a wooden settle, that had served as a bed to many a delinquent, and gave himself up to reflection.

"Terminated at last!" he murmured bitterly. "Lost all, just as success was dawning upon me!"

Then he thought of Jacob Dash, of his solicitude for his return, of his anxious watchings, of the loneliness of his situation, and the grief that his kind heart would experience when compelled to return to Arnold without him.

These reflections were anything but agreeable, but they would obtrude themselves upon his mind.

We have mentioned before that the guard-house adjoined the old Nunnery. Henry was aroused from his unpleasant reverie by groans that issued from this portion of the building, and he listened to them with a sort of melancholy satisfaction. It seemed to assure him that he was not alone in sorrow and affliction.

What would he have thought had he known that these groans were wrung from the breast of his mistress, by the excruciating pangs of the distemper that had threatened her life!

Yet so it was; and only a thin and dilapidated partition separated them!

Henry listened to the moaning of the sufferer until an irresistible drowsiness overpowered him. He knew it to be the effect of over-excitement, and strove to overcome it, but it was impossible. In spite of his exertions he fell asleep.

When the guard had consigned him to his prison-house, two of their number took their stations at the door, and the remainder of the file hastened to the little inn. The mob had mostly dispersed, and the lieutenant was standing on the steps.

The soldier approached with a respectful bow.

"Please, sir," said he, "the prisoner is secured, and a guard placed over him!"

"That's right."

"Shall I wait upon the Governor now?"

"Yes."

The soldier turned to depart.

"Stop one moment!" cried the officer.

The soldier returned.

"You mention that two are dead, and that another one cannot possibly survive. You may state also that they are removed to the barracks. That will be the case before you return."

The man bowed, and the lieutenant entered the inn, to give orders respecting the removal of the dead.

The soldier pursued his way toward the house occupied by Carleton, with the air of a man who was sure of a reception, on account of the news he bore. He desired a servant to announce his presence, and seated himself in the hall to await the Governor's summons.

CHAPTER XV. THE MODERN BRUTUS.

WHILE this affray, the result of which had consigned Henry Robinson to a prison, had been progressing, Carleton and the major had been seated at a table, in company with Colonel St. Leger, discussing the merits of sundry bottles of Madeira, and some of the late acts of Parliament. They were in the midst of an interesting debate, when the servant opened the door and informed his master that a soldier was in waiting who desired an audience.

"Curse these soldiers!" cried Carleton, petulantly; "I am never interested in a matter, but some of them must interrupt me."

"Dismiss him!" suggested St. Leger.

"He says that Lieutenant Carter sent him up!" said the servant.

"Perhaps it is something of importance. If it is not, I can warrant the gentleman a broken head. Show him up. The sooner I dispose of the matter, the more time I shall have for enjoyment."

In a few moments the servant ushered the soldier into the sumptuous apartment. The man appeared to be a stranger to such magnificence, for he stared about awkwardly.

"Come, sir! proceed at once with your errand," said Carleton; "I have no time to lose!"

"May it please your honor, there has been a great row down to the cabaret below here!"

"What have I to do with street brawls, sir? Did Lieutenant Carter send you here with such an errand as this? I thought he was a more sensible man!"

"Perhaps you had better let him finish his errand," suggested St. Leger. "Perhaps the lieutenant wants instructions."

"Go on!" commanded Carleton, surily.

The soldier was some time in recovering from the trepidation into which the Governor's abrupt salutation had thrown him, but at length he proceeded:

"Two of the soldiers are dead, sir. They were killed by a Whig. He was fully armed, and he fought most desperately."

"Where is he?"

"In the guard-house."

"Go on with your story."

"The dead men are removed to the barracks, and the lieutenant wants you to investigate the affair."

"Did one man make all this havoc with a company of British soldiers?" asked the Governor.

"He did, sir. He fought like a desperado."

"He deserves the halter!" suggested the major.

"In my opinion he is a most devilish fine fellow! I can only say that I am ashamed of my soldiers," replied Carleton.

"What shall I say to the lieutenant, sir?" asked the soldier.

"I'll give my attention to the matter," said Carleton. "Only keep the prisoner safe. I swear I'll give him a captaincy if he will only enlist. Men of such mettle are scarce!"

The soldier departed and Carleton turned to his companions:

"What say you, gentlemen? I propose that we finish our bottle and go out and see this Bonassus that has so suddenly appeared among us. Will you bear me company?"

All replied in the affirmative, and the wine was accordingly drunk in a hurry. Then the gentlemen departed, with flushed brows, for the barracks and the guard-house.

As the soldier had reported, they found the bodies of the dead soldiers at the guard-house, and the lieutenant was with them. He gave them a succinct account of the whole affair as he saw it and had learned it, and then the Governor and his companions adjourned to the guard-house to see the man who had performed such prodigies.

The exercise and the cool air had sobered these worthies essentially, and when they arrived at the prison they were in a situation to understand themselves and their business. The party entered the dingy and frowning edifice. They looked around in amazement, for they could discover no one.

"Where the deuce is this Goliath?" asked the Governor.

"That must be him asleep upon the bench yonder," said St. Leger, pointing to the figure of a man stretched upon a bench in the opposite quarter of the prison.

"That must be him, sure enough," said Carleton.

"Now, gentlemen, who will take the important responsibility of awakening him from his profound slumber?"

"I'll do that," said St. Leger, and he walked to the couch occupied by Henry. Seizing him by the shoulder, he shook him somewhat roughly, and exclaimed:

"Arouse, my doughty knight! Shake off your slumber. We have come to pay you a visit."

Henry opened his eyes, stared vacantly around for a moment, and seeing the form of a stranger bent over him, he recollected himself and arose from the bench.

Major Robinson and Carleton had followed St. Leger, and when the former saw the prisoner arise and recognized his son in the person that he had consigned to the halter a few moments before, he uttered a groan that seemed to rend his heart, and would have sunk to the ground but Carleton caught hold of him and sustained him. St. Leger hastened to his assistance.

"Great God! what does this mean? The major has a fit! Send for the surgeon, colonel, the man will die!"

St. Leger was about to depart, but the major beckoned him to desist. With some difficulty they bore him to the bench the young man had occupied, and extended him upon it.

This enabled Henry to obtain a view of the old man's face. He turned very pale and staggered back against the wall. Pressing his hand to his heart as if he felt a thrill of agony in that region, he exclaimed: "My father!"

Carleton and St. Leger were thunderstruck! They looked first at the old man and then at Henry, as if they sought for a confirmation of their suspicions in the lineaments of their countenances. In spite of the wrinkles upon the one and the marks of care and sorrow upon the other, there was a distinct resemblance!

The old man slowly recovered from the shock he had received. He turned his eyes upon his friends, who were looking upon the youth with amazement, and said:

"Raise me up, gentlemen! I can bear to look upon him now!"

Carleton assisted him to arise.

The old man gazed at his son—harshly at first; but the tears filled his eyes at length, and he found that he could not speak coldly to him. He placed his hand upon his forehead, and said, as if communicating with his own mind:

"Would to God that this trial had been spared me!"

"Is this young man the son of whom you have so often spoken to me?" asked the Governor.

"He is my son!"

"What a singular coincidence!"

The young man maintained his position against the wall. He had averted his look from his father's face, yet there was nothing shame-faced or dejected in his appearance. His look was bent upon the hill-side, that could be seen through a small window opposite, and he appeared to have lost all consciousness of the presence of others.

"Alas! young man!" said the major, turning toward him. "You now experience the truth of the many warnings I have given you. Your unhallowed associations have at length brought you to a felon's prison, and perhaps a felon's doom!"

"Spare your reproaches, sir!" replied Henry.

"This is not the time nor the place for them. Besides that, they are useless now!"

"Are you so hardened, then, that you have lost all sensibility? Or are you determined to brave to the last the fate you have rashly tempted? Crime is the parent of recklessness."

Seeing the bitterness of the old man's mind, and knowing that replies to his sallies would only beget recriminations and upbraiding, the young man made no answer. Something like a tear moistened his eye, and his breast was not without emotion, yet he managed to keep all evidences of his feeling down with an effort.

"Come, gentlemen!" said the major, "let us retire. I did not think when we received the announcement of this affray that the odium of the crime would fall on me! The circumstance has unmanned me. Let us retire now; at another time I will assist you in arranging the deserved punishment of the criminal."

The major and his friends left the prison. Henry did not even follow them with his eyes, but the moment they started for the door, he resumed his

seat upon the hard bench. He did not request or expect the interference of his father on his behalf, and was content to let matters take their own direction.

Both Carleton and St. Leger felt for their aged friend. They knew him to be devotedly attached to the royal cause, and they knew that his feelings had been deeply mortified by the defection of his son. They felt that the present was a time when the consolations of friendship would seem the most like a mockery, and they walked toward the Governor's mansion in silence. The old man's countenance was heavy and dejected.

When they arrived at the house, Carleton proposed more wine, thinking that the grief-killing beverage would be of assistance to the major; but the old man declined the invitation, and forthwith sought the silence of his own room. When he had closed the door and had thrown himself into a seat, he gave his feelings full scope, and he wept like a grieved child.

The tears that he shed were of great relief. He became calm, in a great measure, afterward. He began to think seriously and calmly of the matter; and as hope always follows reflection, when we are in difficulty, it was not long before the old man felt its cheering influences.

"After all," he said aloud, "this circumstance may be the means of saving the young man. I will see Carleton at once. I know I can count on his friendship."

He sent a servant to Carleton, and requested his company for a few moments. The Governor readily complied with his request, and at once sought the room he occupied.

"I have been thinking about this matter," said the major, "and have almost come to the conclusion that it will perhaps be a most powerful assistant to me in my attempts to save my son."

"I confess that I have been thinking upon that very matter myself."

"Have you, indeed?" cried the old man, his face brightening up in proportion as the prospect brightened. "I am quite sure I could save him, if I can count upon your assistance."

"That you can do, in any way you desire it," replied the Governor. "I assure you that no harm shall befall your son in consequence of this affray, if you desire to assist him out of the difficulty."

"You will observe," said the major, "that I have him in my custody. If all other means of keeping him from that cursed rebel army fails, I can detain him, in your name, as a prisoner of war. It will be a satisfaction to know that he is not fighting against his king, even if he is detained by force."

"Of course."

"And by letting him suppose that the law will be enforced against him, in spite of my influence, and I solemnly declare that I will not attempt to avert it if he prove utterly intractable, he may be induced to abandon his associations and become one of us."

"He is unquestionably a man of spirit, and I would not propose too much to him at first. If you get him to consent to a residence with us, in a state of neutrality, it will be enough. If the change is too great and sudden, depend upon it, he will reject your offer, if he should lose his life. If he consents to a neutrality, time may induce him to take up for us."

"Your advice is excellent," said the major. "I will see him to-night. I will go to him alone; and if a parent can persuade a child, I will persuade this one."

"Let me further advise you, to guard against excitement, and intemperate language. You can do better by appealing to his affections, than to his fears. Such a man has but one fear!"

"And what is that?"

"The fear of acting a dishonorable part."

"I will be cautious. I will appeal to his affections. Not only to that he bears to me, but to his love for this Clara Marion. The physician tells me to-day, there are hopes of her recovery."

"This is the most judicious course. As this young man is guarded with more than ordinary caution, I will write a permit for visits to the prison, whenever you desire it. Have you the materials for writing?"

The major produced the desired articles, and Carleton wrote the permit. He gave it to the major, and retired.

"The devil is in this rebellion, if I cannot save this hot-headed young man now! Yes, if I do not succeed, armed as I now am, I will forever after proclaim that the devil is in the rebellion!"

Night came at last, dark and gusty. There was no mistaking the heralds of the approaching winter, as heard in the shrieking blasts, and seen in the clouds of dried and faded leaves that filled the air. No sooner had the darkness set in, than the major muffled himself up in his cloak, and sallied out to the prison.

Upon exhibiting his pass to the sentinel on duty, he was again admitted to the interior of the building. As soon as the door was closed, the room was in total darkness, and he called for a light.

"It's against the regulations, sir!" replied the sentinel.

"No matter for that. I will take the the responsibility. I come here to transact business, and I cannot do it without a light."

The soldier reluctantly procured a light, and again the old man entered the guard-house. Henry had heard his voice, and was sitting upon his settle ready to receive him.

The old man approached him with a solemn step, and with a countenance that did not discover any of the bright hopes that were busy at his heart. He placed his flickering lamp upon the damp floor of the prison, and then seated himself beside his son, upon the bench.

And there they sat for several moments—the father and the son—face to face. Neither spoke; but in the minds of both of them recollection was busily at work. The old man was thinking of the sunny face, the curling hair, and the musical prattle of a young child a few years past, and the young man was thinking of his quiet home, upon the distant shores of the lake, and of the comforts and enjoyments that the ruthless hand of the war had destroyed.

"Henry!" the old man at length said, seeming to break the spell that restrained his faculties, with a great effort; "Henry, you cannot tell the pain I feel in the contemplation of your situation!"

The young man would much rather have been spared the interview, for the differences existing between himself and his father, he knew must always remain. He had determined on his conduct, and he replied:

"I am sorry, sir, but I cannot sympathize with you!"

"Is it possible, Henry," said the old man, with much emotion, "that you can regard your condition unmoved?"

"My situation is unpleasant enough, yet in such times as these, it should be a part of a soldier's discipline to expect these reverses!"

"Don't you know, my son," said the old man, with great emphasis, "that your life is undeniably forfeited, according to the laws of all civilized communities, both civil and military?"

"I do not know it."

"Then for God's sake be at once informed of it, by me. I do not deceive you."

"I can't see that this announcement alters the position of affairs."

"Not alter the position of affairs! Are you mad? Can you not see that there is not a ray of hope for your life?"

"A good soldier, sir, holds that in his hand, ready to be sacrificed whenever the cause he serves demands it!"

"Alas!" replied the old man, as a pang of the deepest mental pain distorted his features. "What demon of darkness has perverted your mind! What hellish influence is destroying you?"

"Let me be plain with you," said Henry, somewhat aroused by the old man's language. "As I have said, the horrors of my situation do not alarm me; still I do not care to listen to these croakings. If this is your errand to me, I beg you will unburden your mind at once, and then leave me to the solitude and darkness of my prison!"

"I but spoke the natural reflections of my mind. I have not come here to taunt you, or to make you melancholy. No, young man, I come to bring you good tidings; a ray of light to illuminate your gloom!"

"Then I will listen."

"If you choose to be governed by my counsel and advice, I will open the way for your liberation!"

"By this I am to understand that I shall be required to comply with certain conditions."

"Just so."

"Name them."

"You shall be free, if you will consent to remain in Canada, and take no side in this war!"

"Which being simplified, means that I shall desert the banner under which I am enrolled, and proclaim to my countrymen, and the world, that I am a coward and a traitor!"

"No such thing," replied the father. "You need take no part or lot in the war, for either party."

"Hear me!" said the youth, quitting his seat, and drawing himself up proudly: "I would not accept a monarch's throne, and all the trappings of pride and power, ay, or a hundred lives upon conditions so degrading. I'd rather die by a halter!"

The old man groaned, and Henry paced the uneven floor of his prison backward and forward.

"Alas! what perverseness!"

"It is even so," replied the youth.

"Sit down!" ordered the father, "and hear me yet further."

The youth resumed his seat.

"In addition to the freedom I have offered you, I will restore the liberty of Clara Marion! Nay, further—I will consent to your union with her, immediately!"

This brilliant offer, a consummation that embraced all the young man's ideas of happiness, that presented at one grasp all the objects for which he was toiling, and for which he had risked his life, assailed his determination with a bewildering force. His heart beat rapidly, and the perspiration stood in large drops upon his brow. He again paced the room backward and forward, though his brain reeled and his senses swam.

The old man saw the struggle that was going on in the young man's bosom. Anxious that the temptation should prevail, and anxious to a painful extent, he continued:

"This shall not be all, Henry. I will procure you a suitable mansion, and allow you a sum sufficient for your respectable maintenance. After the war is closed we can return to Shoreham and enjoy our own beautiful domains in peace and quiet."

"Say no more!" cried the young man, in a voice nearly suffocated with mental agony. "I will not consent. I'll follow this war to its termination, if it leads me to the scaffold to-morrow!"

Henry had conquered, but the struggle had been desperate. The refusal wrung his heart, but the pang was followed by the proud consciousness of unsullied integrity!

"Have you determined?" asked the major, in a voice of great calmness although rage and disappointment were tugging at his heart!

"I have determined!" replied the patriot.

"Then!" exclaimed the major, his voice breaking out into a startling emphasis, "your doom is sealed!"

And he took up his lamp from the floor, wrapped his cloak tightly around him, as if to prevent the escape of his excitement, and walked to the door, with a proud and haughty tread.

The sentinel afforded him egress, and he hurried impetuously toward his lodgings.

"Thank God! the tempter has departed, and I have preserved my honor untainted!" murmured Henry, as the door closed and left him in darkness. "It was a frightful struggle!"

And it had been a fearful struggle. Hope had pleaded, the beautiful features of Clara Marion, her arms pinioned with heavy chains, safety, ease, happiness, all had pleaded—but in vain;—their combined eloquence could not bend his iron determination, and that passion for the cause of freedom, that rooted in the center of his soul!

He extended himself upon the settle and closed his eyes, but not to sleep. His busy fancy was at work, and a thousand objects, and a thousand scenes, floated through his brain.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE INDIAN MAID.

JULIUS CÆSAR! What can keep that boy till this time o' night! It's sartainly past all understandin'!"

This sentence escaped from the lips of Jacob

Dash, about ten o'clock at night, after Henry's departure for St. John's.

The features of the Patrol, wore a lugubrious and sorrowful expression. On sundry chips that were placed with great regularity upon the ground, was his supper, cold and untasted. His canteen filled with sparkling spring water was close at hand, and his heavy rifle was leaning against a tree contiguous to him. The Patrol himself, was seated at the entrance of his little hut, with his face between his hands.

"Somethin' has gone crooked! But then it can't be possible that old Carleton has nabbed him! He must have struck a good trail!"

This idea seemed to afford the worthy man much satisfaction. He whistled a little, sung a little, and poked the fire a great deal, peering forth into the woods frequently.

Hours passed by, and no signal greeted the ears of Jacob. His patience was exhausted.

"It arn't no use!" he averred. "I can't stand it any longer, for my bowels is in perfect rebellion!"

And forthwith he fell upon the supper and devoured it with an avidity that showed the truth of his assertion.

"Now I'll go to roost! This keepin' awake to kill time is a most miserable way of doin' it," and after smoking a pipe, the Patrol crawled into his hut and endeavored to sleep.

He could not effect his purpose, however. It would not do. He was restless and uneasy. Occasionally he would start up and say:

"By Jul'us Cæsar! that's the whistle. Who says it ain't is a liar upon the face of the airth!"

Then he would satisfy himself that he was mistaken, and once more lay down upon his bed of dried leaves.

In this manner he passed the night. At the dawn of day his fire was kindled and his breakfast was in process of getting ready. He hurried his preparations, and before sunrise he was prepared for a journey. He secreted his rifle beneath a pile of brush, and after standing for a moment as if lost in thought, he muttered:

"Now I'll find out all about this business, danged if I don't. It'll never do to give up this boy without a tussle."

And Jacob started off in the direction of St. John's. Occasionally swearing at the obstacles that beset his path and stopping to reconnoiter, he consumed several hours in his progress. At last he ascended the little hill that Henry had first ascended to obtain a view of the city. He had barely reached the summit before an exclamation of surprise escaped him.

"God bless me! there is my little maid!"

It was indeed the Indian maid that he had found. She evinced every look and gesture that betokened pleasure, and then, with the swiftness of the mountain deer, she darted down the hillside and disappeared.

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed Jacob, looking about him in surprise. "What's become of the little critter!"

She soon reappeared, but not alone. She was accompanied by two of the men of her tribe, who could talk English.

She pointed to Jacob, who was sitting on the ground, and then conversed with her friends.

"By the powers!" said Jacob, his broad mouth stretching from ear to ear, "her voice sounds as smooth as the old flute my grandfather used to play on!"

Soon one of the warriors approached the Patrol, and extended his hand, as a token of friendship.

"Oh! I'm disposed to be friendly!" said Jacob, "I'm only dangerous when I'm riled!"

The red-men received his advances with true cordiality, and thanked the Patrol in a dignified manner, for the kindness and protection he had bestowed upon the girl.

"Say nothin' about that! It a'n't worth mindin'. In course you know it wouldn't do to let the fellers murder her."

"Have you lost a companion?" asked one of the red-skins.

"I come to find one, that's a fact. May be you've seen him. The gal would know him well enough!"

"We have seen him," replied the Indian.

"Danged if that a'n't neighborly!" said Jacob.

"Perhaps you'd tell me where he is!"

The Indian pointed to the guard-house, beside the old Nunnery.

Jacob's countenance fell suddenly.

"Do you mean that he's a prisoner?" he asked, with a feeling of great anxiety.

"Yes, bad prisoner!"

"Je-ru-sa-lem!" drawled he, with a peculiar emphasis. "Can that be possible?"

The Indian signified his assent by a nod.

"Waal, now! If this a'n't the cussedest of all the luck I ever had! When did they take him?"

"Yesterday!"

"Scissors! I didn't think it was possible! Howsomenever, I can't cry over it. I must tend to it, that's all. Now I've got two jobs on hand and am short on't for help!"

"Does my brother want the young chief?" asked one of the Indians.

"Want him?" echoed Jacob with a look of astonishment. "I rather think I do!"

"We will help!" said the Indian.

"Give us your hand!" exclaimed the Patrol, extending his own huge fist. "You're the clear quill! Choke me if we don't let him out in less than twenty-four hours by the clock!"

The Indian nodded approval.

"You red-skins are the boys. Do you know all about the prison?"

The Indian nodded.

"When 'll be the time to undertake the matter?"

The Indian pointed to the sun, and then to the blue line of hills that skirted the western horizon.

"I read that straight enough; that means till after dark, I reckon!"

The Indian assented.

"I'll tell you how it is," explained Jacob. "These danged Tories here, and me, are enemies. It wouldn't do for me to venture about the streets. I'll secrete myself about here, until night comes, and then I'll meet you anywhere."

The Indian led Jacob down the side of the hill. At the foot of it they turned into a hazel thicket, and here the surprised Patrol discovered quite a camp, filled with men and women and sundry papposes.

"My brother is safe!" and the Indian motioned Jacob to a seat upon a log, covered with blankets.

"Safe as a snail in his shell!" said the Patrol, taking up a pappoose, and dangling it on his knee.

The maiden and the two braves departed, and from the direction they pursued from the thicket, Jacob doubted not but they had gone to the city. This proved to be the case; and while the men sauntered about the stores and the barracks, as if gratifying their curiosity by staring at every thing they saw, the girl, who was called Flora by the soldiers, and who had become quite a favorite, was surveying the guard-house with the keen and practiced eye for which her people were justly celebrated. Not a crack or a cranny escaped her, yet she took especial care that no one detected her examination.

It was near sundown when they returned to their camp, and Jacob was rejoiced to see them. He stretched his heavy limbs, and said:—

"I'm glad to see you by Ph-a-ra-o. I'm the tiredest man in the colony, and I ha'n't been doin' nothin' neither. It's desprate hard work to sit still!"

The red-skins did not understand the philosophy of the Patrol, and accordingly answered "good," at a venture, and then set about preparing some food.

The meal was soon prepared, and the Patrol was helped to a bountiful supply. He devoured it with the greatest relish, and after he had finished, he wiped his mouth upon the sleeve of his jacket, and remarked with great earnestness:

"Now I'm about refreshed enough for any undertakin'. Providence seems to be on our side, for it's a-goin' to rain, as sartin as there's a sky above us."

There was every sign of a storm, as the Patrol remarked. The sky was nearly overcast with dark clouds, and the south wind whistled off the lake, cold and strong. About dark the rain began to descend, and when the last, lingering rays of daylight vanished, not an object could be discovered at the distance of a foot.

"A powerful time this," said Jacob to the two Indians, who, together with the girl, were to accompany him to the prison—"A most excellent time. The guard will be sheltered, and the devil himself could not see us, if he was disposed to."

The Indians assented.

"I calculate we shall not try our luck till midnight, or thereabouts—shall we?" he asked.

"No," replied the Indian.

"Then I reckon I'll take a nap. I had the hardest kind of roostin', last night! When you want me, you must call me."

The Indian promised compliance, and the Patrol rolled himself into a hut, and was, in a little time, snoring loudly. The Indian girl and her comrades sat round the little fire, awaiting the arrival of their time, in a stillness as profound as the grave.

As the hour of midnight approached, the storm increased in fury and power. The wind roared and whistled, and the rain descended with the greatest violence.

At length Jacob was aroused from his slumbers, and his companions signified that the time for departure had arrived. The Patrol rubbed his eyes, and then declared himself ready to proceed.

The little party blundered and stumbled through the thicket, but at length they reached the high-road, and they advanced without obstruction.

Unnoticed, and without disturbing anything, they reached the side of the guard-house. The girl had informed her comrades of the assailable point, and they had procured the necessary implements for their labor.

We have mentioned that there was a window on that side of the guard-house fronting the encampment of the Tories. This window was circular, and was raised from the ground, some ten feet. Strong wooden bars, covered the panes at right angles, and had been deemed a sufficient protection for several years.

Up to this window, the Indian girl was raised. Jacob Dash, being much the tallest individual in the company, supported her on his brawny shoulders, and provided with a small saw, which one of her companions had contrived to abstract from the bench of a carpenter, she commenced sawing off the wooden bars.

Every thing favored her design. The wind kept up a constant roaring, and together with the pattering of the rain-drops, completely drowned the noise of the saw. With all her energies the maiden applied her instrument, and one by one, the little bars dropped upon the ground.

Henry Robinson had nearly fallen asleep, when the noise of the saw upon the bars arrested his attention. At first he thought it was the wind, but by a close attention he discovered what it was in reality. He was the only occupant of the dreary prison, and at once he knew that some one was attempting his rescue.

And who could it be but Jacob Dash? He had no other friend near him, for his own father had consigned him to his fate. It must be the Patrol of the Mountain, and the bare thought lent a new energy to his drooping frame.

He removed the bench upon which he had been reclining directly under the window, and mounting upon it, he whispered:

"Jacob!"

The Indian girl heard the sound of his voice, and suspended her operations.

"Jacob!" repeated Henry.

This time the Patrol heard him, and raising his head so suddenly that he nearly pitched the maiden headlong from his shoulders, he answered, placing his mouth as near the window as possible:

"I'm here, boy! Jist keep cool, and we'll open this old pepper-box, or I'm a liar!"

Again the Indian girl resumed her saw. The consciousness that the prisoner was aware of her exertions, and prepared to leave his dismal dungeon, caused her to work vigorously, and not many moments elapsed before the last obstacle, save a few cracked and filthy panes of glass, fell to the earth.

Then she removed the glass, and the aperture was free. As nimbly as a squirrel she descended from Jacob's shoulders, and announced to her friends that her work was done.

Jacob elevated his person upon the tips of his toes, and was about to bid the young man to emerge, when he discovered by the white linen of his collar, that his friend was nearly free.

"Step onto my shoulders," said the Patrol. "It's a good foundation for a good cause."

Lightly touching the shoulder of his friend, Henry Robinson leaped to the ground, and the next moment was grasping his friend's broad palm, with a feeling of gratitude and delight.

"It a'n't me!" protested Jacob; "it's our little Indian girl from the Essex wilderness!"

Henry was surprised. He had forgotten the little maiden, and just remembered that she was in the street as he passed to prison.

"Let's move from here; I sha'n't feel safe till I get back to the old camp again," answered the giant.

The little company retraced their steps. At the foot of the little hill the red-men turned into their encampment, after promising to visit Jacob's establishment in a day or two. They received ample directions from the Patrol, and himself and his friend pushed on, heedless of the pelting storm that drenched them thoroughly.

Before the day dawned they had reached their encampment, but they were in a most miserable plight. In addition to their being most terribly drenched, their garments were torn and their limbs bruised, in their dark and dangerous travel.

A cheerful fire soon blazed before their little hut, and while Jacob was busy preparing something to eat, Henry related the history of his adventures in St. John's. The Patrol was deeply interested, and when the narrative was brought to a conclusion, he said:

"By my stars! That was a most *exquisite* desperate fight! bayonet me, if it wasn't!"

It needed no downy couch to lull either the Patrol or Henry Robinson to sleep that night. All wet and tattered as they were, they crawled into their hut after supper, and the rain had cleared away, and the sun shone brightly when they awoke.

Not knowing the extent of the search that might be made for the escaped prisoner, they remained closely concealed throughout the whole day. Jacob's foresight had provided them with an abundance of provision, and in conversing about the rescue, and in repairing the damages done to their garments, they whiled away the day.

"The next pull we'll get the gal away from 'em. I've got the plan already laid, and I know we'll succeed."

This plan was accordingly laid before Henry, and it met with his hearty approval.

Two days after the escape, their little camp was visited by the Indians who had assisted in the enterprise. They informed the comrades that the Queen Charlotte was hauled up to the dock, and was receiving her passengers on board, preparatory to sailing the next day.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DOOMED VESSEL.

The morning after his fruitless visit to his son, Major Robinson was visited by Carleton.

"Did you visit your son last night?" asked the Governor.

"I did."

"Did you make the contemplated proposal to him?"

"I did, and he spurned every offer."

"I thought as much. You must wait until his confinement becomes irksome, before the offer of freedom has any charms for him."

"I will visit him again to-morrow. Will you accompany me? It would, perhaps, add weight to my entreaties."

"Then I will go, with pleasure. I have just been talking with the physician about Miss Clara."

"How is she?"

"Getting on finely. The disease has assumed a favorable appearance, and there is no longer any danger."

"I am happy to hear it."

"Perhaps the offer of her hand would prove a powerful inducement to your son."

"I offered it."

"And he refused?"

"He did upon the conditions that I promised. He would have refused a thousand lives upon such terms."

"Let him reflect upon his condition a short time. We have nothing to lose by delay. He is safe at present."

"We will put down our visit, then, for to-morrow."

"So be it. To-morrow I will go with you."

And Carleton retired to his cabinet, and the major wandered about the town to while away the time.

Early the next morning the old man hastened to the apartment of his friend.

"All ready, I see," said Carleton. "Well, I'll go with you in a few moments."

They walked toward the prison. When they came within sight of it, they observed a crowd assembled, and soldiers were hurrying to and fro.

"What can be the meaning of that excitement?" asked Carleton. "Something unusual has occurred."

They quickened their steps and hastened forward. Fears of the most harassing description took possession of the old man's mind. Had his son committed suicide? Was he dangerously ill?

These, and a hundred similar questions, he asked himself, but the idea of an escape never once occurred to him. In the midst of his perplexities they arrived at the prison door.

"What is the meaning of this crowd and bustle?" asked Carleton, in a stern tone.

The sentinel at the door doffed his cap and replied:

"The prisoner has escaped!" said the sentinel.

"Escaped!" cried Carleton.

"Escaped!" echoed the old man, in a hollow tone.

"Yes, sir, escaped!"

"Open the door!" cried Carleton.

And he strode into the prison, closely followed by the old major.

"I call upon God to witness," said he when the door was closed upon them, "this escape is not through my connivance."

"No one suspects you, my friend. Least of all do I," replied Carleton.

They examined the window through which the prisoner had passed. Its wooden bars had evidently been sawed from the outside.

"Fools that we were," said Carleton. "There was scarcely an obstacle to prevent him from going."

His friends have assisted him from the outside and he is far from us now."

"His friends?" asked the major.

"To be sure. Do you suppose the lad ever ventured here alone and without an errand? No doubt but he was well accompanied. By the gods! The schooner shall this day be brought around and the prisoners placed on board, or this infernal Arnold will liberate the remainder without paying me their value."

A new light dawned upon the old man. His son's errand had probably been to set free the American prisoners, as the attempts at negotiation had failed.

"We can do no good here," observed Carleton, "and may as well return. I shall put the schooner in motion immediately."

They returned to the mansion and a crew was soon on board the Queen Charlotte, preparing her for a voyage. Carleton also summoned the physician to his rooms.

"How's that woman patient of yours, doctor? Can she stand a voyage down the lake?"

"To be sure. I think it would be of advantage to her."

"Then see that she is prepared. To-morrow, or next day, I shall send her to Albany. Clinton must furnish a guard for my captives, for I cannot."

"But, if my son should return and close in with my offer?" asked the old man.

"Your son will never return," responded the Governor, "or, if he did, it would only be to liberate the girl without so much as thanking you. If he does, I promise you she shall be produced."

The major retired to his room, cursing the good luck that attended the rebels and thwarted his schemes.

The schooner was prepared with the utmost expedition, and Clara Marion with other American prisoners placed on board. The schooner immediately weighed anchor and proceeded on her voyage.

"There, by George!" exclaimed Carleton, who was watching the departure of the vessel. "Now I feel that the prisoners are safe, for Arnold has not got a sail upon the lake."

Alas! how uncertain are all human calculations!

Jacob Dash treated his Indian visitors with great politeness. He cooked them a delicious repast of venison, furnished them with tobacco for their pipes, and succeeded in making them pleased with themselves and himself.

With customary shrewdness the Patrol unfolded to them his plan for the capture of the schooner. He solicited their aid, with some fifteen or twenty of their companions.

The red-men had learned the whole of Carleton's schemes for involving them in the quarrel between the colonies and the mother land, and entertained for that worthy functionary the most bitter hatred. The girl he had intended his minions to murder was a favorite of the tribe, and her comrades promised Jacob the assistance he required.

They returned at once to their own camp, sent their women and children home, and with some twenty warriors and one small boat returned to the Patrol and Henry.

Some twenty miles below the little camp a bold promontory set out into the lake some distance. To this promontory the whole party hastened, in order to arrive there before the passage of the schooner, and they brought their boats with them.

At a distance of some half a mile from the shore a fire was built up and a smoke kept going, in order that the place might be seen from the lake. After this was effected and a covert found for the men, the scout unfolded his purposes and proceeded to instruct his companions in their duty.

"Now," said he, "I'll tell you all about this business. The schooner has got to be had and we'll have her. Here's the plan. You all know we've got two boats. I'm a-goin' to git into one of 'em and three of you folks into the other. When the schooner comes in sight I'm a-goin' to pull for her, and I want the other boat to pull after me as if you was chasin' me. You must keep some distance behind, to dodge the schooner's guns. I'll signal to the vessel and pull straight for her, and they'll take me aboard. After I'm aboard you come back and git into ambush. I'll make a pretense to bring the biggest part of the schooner's crew ashore and will lead 'em to the ambush. When I git 'em right I'll fall flat down, and then, boys, you must pepper 'em. Don't let one escape. Then you can put on their clothes and we'll git back to the schooner. They'll be but a man or two on deck, and I calculate that then she's our boat, prisoners and all!"

This plan was pronounced excellent, and all the arrangements were at once made. Jacob tore from his own body linen a small strip and suspended it to a pole, and took his station in one boat while his pursuers occupied another. In this position they waited for the approach of the doomed vessel.

It was a long and anxious watch, but near sunset the schooner made her appearance.

"There she comes!" shouted the Patrol, and he sprang to his oars as if his life depended upon his exertions.

His small white flag was raised in the bow of the skiff, and like the lightning it shot over the waters. When it had gained a sufficient advance the pursuing boat followed in the rear.

For some time the chase was kept up, and at last the schooner bore down toward them, as if she had discovered them. Jacob rose up in his boat, waved his hat in the air, and shouted:

"Ship ahoy! Help!"

In a moment a light blue smoke curled above the deck, and a shot, evidently intended for the hinder boat, ricocheted across the water. Jacob again laid to his oars and soon shot alongside the vessel. He was hoisted upon deck.

"Where's the captain?" demanded Jacob. "I owe him somethin' for savin' me from them beastly Whigs. They was goin' to eat me, after robbin' me of twenty thousand pounds in good gold!"

A young man answered as the captain, and Jacob, taking him by the arm, told him of his robbery and his miraculous escape. He thus concluded his dolorous narrative:

"I'll tell you what it is, captain, I don't like to be robbed of my money; but to think that it should go to support a set of ongainly Whigs is the worst of the whole matter. These maraudin' devils is camped over here, and if you let me have a few boats-full of

men I'll upset the whole encampment and git my money back. If I do, I'll give you one-half of it in good gold, upon the deck."

The captain's eyes glistened.

"How many are there?" he asked.

"Jest a dozen."

"How came they to rob you?"

"I was always a friend of the king, and was a-comin' up from Vermont, where I used to live, to live in Canada, where they ain't so many of the beastly rebels. I meant to come up with the fleet when it was down there, but I couldn't git ready, so I had to come a-horseback. These fellers fell in with me and pretended for a while that they was Tories. So I told 'em all about my consarns, and then they robbed be. I afterwards found out that they'd been up to St. John's to git a young feller out of jail."

"The deuce!" cried the captain; "is the young fellow with them?"

"Yes. He's the leadin' rapsallion amongst them!"

Instantly the crew were ordered to furl the sails and drop the anchor.

"The capture of that fellow," muttered the captain, "will bring me promotion."

Then he turned to the giant and said:

"Now let us understand one another. You are to lead us to the encampment, and if we recover your gold one-half shall be mine?"

"That's it exactly. You shall have one-half."

"Lower away the boats," commanded the captain, and then he hurried about the decks preparing the men for the adventure. The boats were lowered, filled with men, among whom was Jacob, and only two old seamen were left in charge of the schooner. They soon reached the land, and forming into a column, started for the woods, Jacob Dash taking the lead.

"You see that smoke ahead, yonder, don't you?" asked Jacob.

"Yes."

"Well, they're thar!"

"Forward!" cried the captain and they rushed on.

True to his appointment with his friends, Jacob conducted the Tories into the middle of the ambuscade. He suddenly fell prostrate upon his face and then the Indians rose upon every side with a terrible yell, and poured upon the astonished Tories a destructive discharge. But two or three remained uninjured, and they were so affrighted that they could not fly. Their foes rushed in upon them, and the scalping-knife and tomahawk closed the scene.

"Well did I by Julius Caesar!" cried Jacob, rising to his feet. "Now, boys, for the schooner."

It was quite dark when they reached the boats and pulled for the schooner. Deeming them friends, the old seamen made no resistance to their coming upon deck, and they did not discover the mistake until they were secured below.

"I command this craft, I reckon!" announced Jacob. "Up anchor, boys, and out with the sail. Here goes for Crown Point."

These orders were obeyed, and Jacob took the helm of the Queen Charlotte. We need not say that Henry Robinson was in the cabin beside the couch of Clara Marion.

CONCLUSION.

A day or two after the affair of the schooner, a great excitement existed at Crown Point. Long rows of troops and grinning cannons were drawn up on the shore, and officers were mingling with the men, giving them instructions and urging them to firmness. Arnold was among them, his face pale, expressive of anxiety.

What was the cause of this excitement?

A schooner had appeared off the harbor and was bearing down to the shore with great steadiness. It was expected that the British fleet had returned to batter the settlement.

On kept the schooner. A deathlike silence pervaded the shore. The matches were burning in the hands of the artillerymen and the soldiers grasped their muskets tightly.

The schooner approached the shore. There was no hostile sign about her, and Arnold leaped upon a gun and shouted:

"Ship ahoy! What schooner is that?"

Every sound was hushed to hear the reply. A tall figure appeared upon deck with a speaking-trumpet, and answered in a stentorian voice:

"It's the Queen Charlotte! Captain Dash, of the Continental service, and he banded to you!"

A shout that echoed far and wide went up at this announcement. The troops dispersed, the cannon were wheeled away, and the schooner was moored alongside the docks. The prisoners were released and soon mingled among their friends.

We have but little more to add. The major died in Canada and never returned to his home. Henry was married to Clara Marion, and their descendants yet occupy the farm at Shoreham, upon which the young man lived after the close of the war.

Jacob remained with Arnold until that gifted officer sold himself for British gold. Then he mingled in the war elsewhere. The St. Francis Indians returned to their tribe, and the little maid, in after years, used frequently to spend whole weeks at the residence of Henry Robinson and Clara. She married one of the young chiefs of her tribe.

THE END.

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